

FEB • 1941

OL. 1 • No. 3

10

CENTS

# DOC SAVAGE COMICS



**DOC SAVAGE**  
SMASHES A "SNATCH" RING  
IN THE  
**ARCTIC ICE WASTES**  
★ ★

# THE EDITOR'S PAGE

## *A Chat*

As it is winter time it is only natural that Doc Savage's adventures should take him to the land of ice and snow. In this he demonstrates his wonderful powers and saves the lives and fortunes of two of his friends.

Ajax the Sun Man defeats a Dictator who is rising up to control America.

There are twelve, yes, twelve, unusual features in DOC SAVAGE COMICS—the biggest and best of all comic magazines.

And don't forget to read the ad on the back cover of this magazine. The kit for this model costs \$1.50 in the retail stores. The plans are offered to you for only 25 cents. You can buy the parts for approximately another quarter, and in this way save nearly \$1.00 on making this kit of the world's champion airplane.

*The Editor*

## *In this Issue*

### **DOC SAVAGE IN THE POLAR REGIONS**

A startling adventure of Doc Savage and his companions in the land of eternal cold, ice and snow.

### **AJAX THE SUN MAN**

This unusual individual returns to us in another thrilling adventure.

### **TREASURE ISLAND**

Part 3 of the greatest story ever written. It's by Robert Louis Stevenson and will be enjoyed by every boy and girl.

### **CAPTAIN FURY**

Smashes his way through a Japonian blockade. A story that is up to the minute.

### **FRONT PAGE NEWS**

Jim Taylor and Nancy Kane, two friends of ours whose adventures you will enjoy.

### **WESTERN JUSTICE**

A young college man, son of the town marshal, comes west and aids his father in capturing a criminal band.

### **THE STAR ROVER**

Flies through space to meet an unusual adventure on the old, cold moon.

### **STRONG OF THE SECRET SERVICE**

Earns his captaincy and now starts tracking down spies.

### **THE TALKING TOAD**

The Gadget Man has another startling, humorous mystery with The Green Birds.

### **ADVENTURES OF KON FU**

Dr. Kon Fu, master of oriental and occidental culture, defies even monsters of evil magic.

### **ADVENTURES OF COLONEL MILDEW**

The old fellow talks up to a famous war hero.

### **THE WATCH CHARM**

A snappy short story of racing in Australia.

VOL. I, NO. 3 • MARCH 1941

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# DOC SAVAGE in

## The Polar Treasure



Doc Savage heads for the polar seas in his submarine, The Helldiver, in search of the lost liner, "Oceanic," on which Victor Vail, famous violinist, and his wife and daughter, had gone down. Victor Vail was saved, and has had dreams recently about his wife and daughter. Vail brings Doc's five pals, up in his seaplane to a meeting-place toward the northern end of Greenland. The plane was flown by Keelhaul de Rosa, and, strangely enough, Ben O'Card has taken the place of Captain McCluskey in charge of Doc's submarine. De Rosa wrecks the plane, from which Vail escapes, and O'Card sinks the submarine. Our friends are now lost in the Arctic.

DOC SAVAGE RETURNS TO VICTOR VAIL AFTER LOOKING FOR HIS FIVE MISSING PALS....

YOUR FRIENDS, DID YOU FIND THEM SAFE?

I FOUND WHERE THEIR PLANE SANK THROUGH A HOLE. THAT WAS ALL! KEELHAUL DEROSA'S HIRED KILLERS SHOT THEM DOWN!



YOUR FIVE FRIENDS FORCED ME TO LEAVE THE PLANE BY PARACHUTE... TO SAVE MY LIFE. THEY COULD HAVE ESCAPED BUT THEY CHOSE TO FIGHT TOGETHER TO THE END. THEY WERE BRAVE MEN. NOW, WHAT DO WE DO?

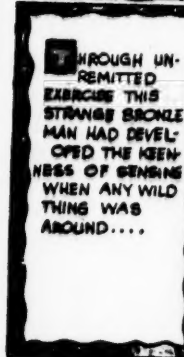
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LOST LINER OCEANIC, AND WE'LL FIND KEELHAUL DEROSA





WHAT ABOUT BEN O'GARD? DO WE HAVE HIM AND HIS CABIN TO FIGHT?

THE HELLDIVER SUMMERGED WITH ALL ABOARD, SO I GUESS WE'RE RID OF THEM! WATER MUST HAVE FLOODED THE SUBMARINE THROUGH THE HOLE LEFT BY THE MISSING VALVE.



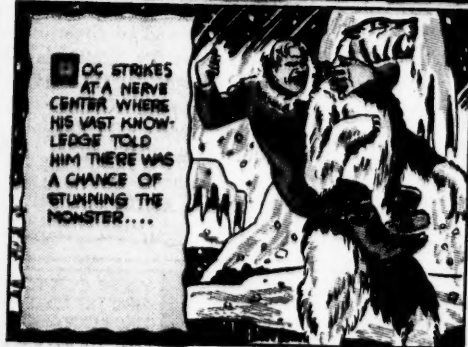
THROUGH UN-REMITTED EXERCISE THIS STRANGE BRONZE MAN HAD DEVELOPED THE KEENNESS OF SENSING WHEN ANY WILD THING WAS AROUND....

WHAT IS IT?

SOMETHING IS STALKING US! I KNOW IT! QUICK GET INTO THAT CREVICE, AND DON'T LEAVE IT, OR YOU MIGHT GET LOST! I'LL BE BACK SOON!



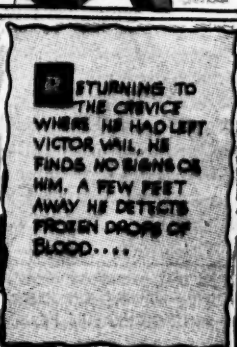
CREEPING CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE BLINDING SNOWDRIFTS, DOC SAVAGE SEES BEFORE HIM A POLAR BEAR... OF TREMENDOUS SIZE AND THE MOST TERRIFIC KILLER OF THE ARCTIC....



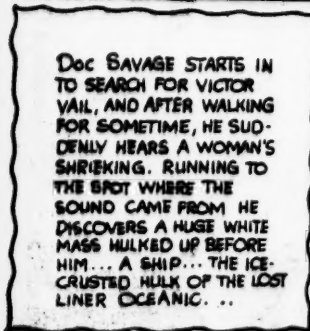
DOC STRIKES AT A NERVE CENTER WHERE HIS VAST KNOWLEDGE TOLD HIM THERE WAS A CHANCE OF STUNNING THE MONSTER....



WELL THAT FINISHES YOU!



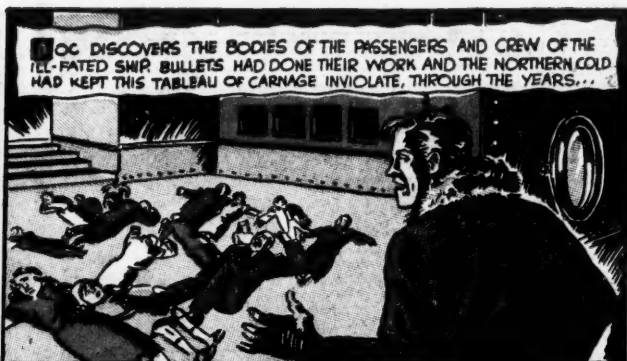
TURNING TO THE CREVICE WHERE HE HAD LEFT VICTOR VAIL, HE FINDS NO SIGNS OF HIM. A FEW FEET AWAY HE DETECTS FROZEN DROPS OF BLOOD....



DOC SAVAGE STARTS IN TO SEARCH FOR VICTOR VAIL, AND AFTER WALKING FOR SOMETIME, HE SUDDENLY HEARS A WOMAN'S SHRIEKING. RUNNING TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SOUND CAME FROM HE DISCOVERS A HUGE WHITE MASS HULKED UP BEFORE HIM... A SHIP... THE ICE-CRUSTED HULK OF THE LOST LINER OCEANIC. ...







DOC DISCOVERS THE BODIES OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE ILL-FATED SHIP. BULLETS HAD DONE THEIR WORK AND THE NORTHERN COLD HAD KEPT THIS TABLEAU OF CARNAGE INVIOLEATE, THROUGH THE YEARS...



AS DOC SAVAGE ENTERS AN-OTHER ROOM HE IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A GANG OF ES-KIMOS...



CHIMO! WELCOME! YOU ARE MY FRIENDS! WHY MUST WE FIGHT?

DOC SAVAGE SPOKE SEVERAL DIFFERENT ESKIMO DIALECTS... AMONG SCORES OF OTHER LINGOS....

YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE, MY CHILDREN, I COME IN PEACE!

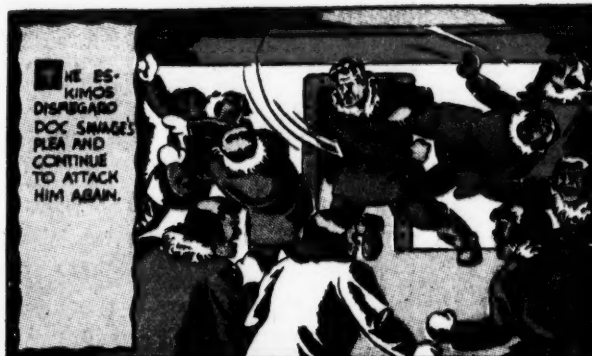
YOU ARE A TONGAK, AN EVIL SPIRIT SENT TO HARM US, BY THE CHIEF OF ALL EVIL SPIRITS!

YOU ARE WRONG. I COME TO DO YOU GOOD

YOU SPEAK WITH A SPLIT TONGUE! ONLY TONGAKS, EVIL SPIRITS TALK WITH SPLIT TONGUE!

KILL HIM! HE IS ONLY ONE MAN! IT WILL BE EASY!





**D**OC... COMES TO THE SECRET VAULT THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE CONTAINED THE HIDDEN TREASURE. THEY MANAGE TO HIDE HERE FROM THE ESKIMOS

IT'S GONE! THE FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD AND DIAMONDS! HMM! THIS MUST BE THE WORK OF EITHER DEROSA OR O'GARD! YOU WERE TELLING ME WHY THE ESKIMOS ATTACKED ME... WHAT WAS THE REASON?

WELL! AN HOUR OR SO... AGO, I CAME TO THE LINER IN SEARCH OF FOOD. I HEARD THE ESKIMOS COME ABOARD, AND SAW THEM TAKING A WHITE MAN PRISONER. A WHITE MAN WITH HAIR LIKE COTTON!

THAT WHITE-HAIRED MAN WAS YOUR FATHER!



**A**T THE DISCOVERY OF THIS, ROXEY VAIL PASSES OUT COLD....

**H**EARING THE ESKIMOS COMING DOC SAVAGE SPEEDS AWAY AND HIDES UNCONSCIOUS ROXEY VAIL IN A HAMPER ON THE DECK... AND THEN TAKES A SMALL CASE FROM HIS POCKET AND DIPS HIS FINGERS INTO IT....

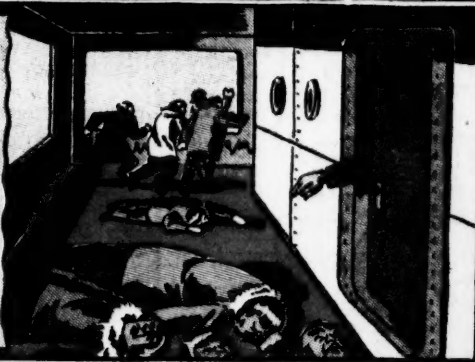
NOW I'LL JUST STEP INTO THAT CABIN AND WAIT FOR THEM TO PASS BY AND THEN...



**A**S THE ESKIMOS PASS BY DOC'S BRONZE HAND DARTS FROM THE CABIN DOOR BARELY STRIKING THE GREASY CHEEKS OF THE ESKIMOS WHEN THEY SUDDENLY FALL UNCONSCIOUS...



**T**HE ESKIMOS SEE THEIR FELLOWS TOPPLING MYSTERIOUSLY AND SOON REALIZE THE VERY TOUCH OF THIS MIGHTY BRONZE GIANT MEANS DISASTER SO THEY ALL RUSH AWAY...



**D**OC RETURNS TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT ROXEY VAIL BUT FINDS HER GONE....

ROXEY!

HERE I'M HUNTING MY FATHER!

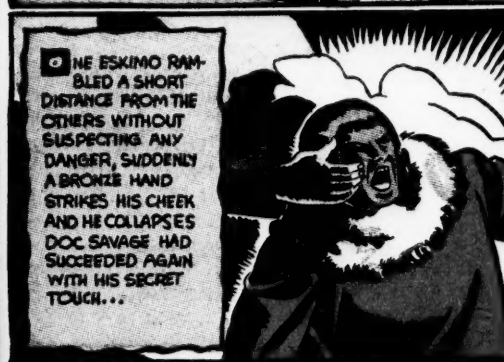
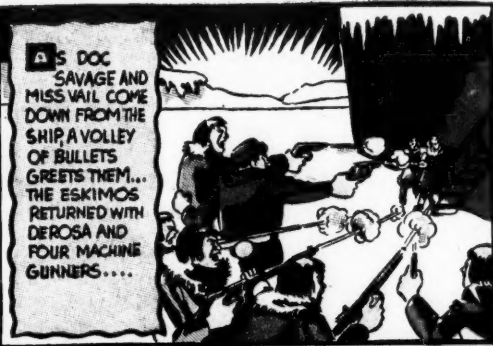


MY FATHER.. THEY TOOK HIM WITH THEM! THEY MUST HAVE!

THEY DIDN'T TAKE HIM! I WATCHED CLOSELY. THEY MAY HAVE REMOVED YOUR FATHER BEFORE THEY ATTACKED ME THAT SHOWS HE WAS ALIVE! NO DOUBT THEY TOOK HIM TO KEELHAUL DEROSA, NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.



**D**OC EXPLAINS TO ROXEY VAIL HOW HE MAP ON HER BACK WHICH HAD BEEN BRANDED BY DEROSA AND O'GARD DURING THE DISASTER OF THE OCEANIC. BRANDED WITH INVISIBLE MARKS THAT COULD ONLY BE SEEN WITH SPECIAL X-RAY MACHINES OWNED BY DEROSA AND O'GARD. DEROSA AND O'GARD WERE NOW BITTER ENEMIES, AND EACH HAD GOOD REASON TO GET VICTOR VAIL, AS HE WAS THE ONLY WAY THEY COULD FIND THE HIDDEN TREASURE... EVIDENTLY FROM THE MAP BRANDED ON HIM.



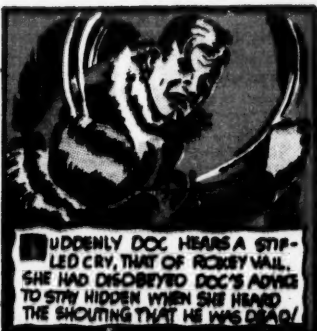




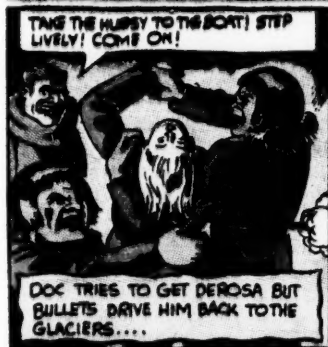
AS THE GUNMEN APPROACH, DOC'S BACK IS FACING THEM. THEY BELIEVE HE IS THE ESKIMO AND THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE HIMSELF...AND ARE ABOUT TO SHOOT AT IT...



... WHEN DOC SAVAGE HEAVES UP AND...

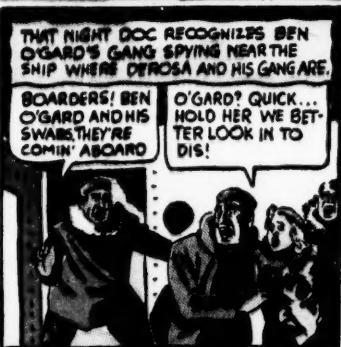


SUDDENLY DOC HEARS A STIRLED CRY, THAT OF ROKEY VAIL. SHE HAD DISOBEYED DOC'S ADVICE TO STAY HIDDEN WHEN SHE HEARD THE SHOUTING THAT HE WAS DEAD!



TAKING THE HURRY TO THE BOAT! STEP LIVELY! COME ON!

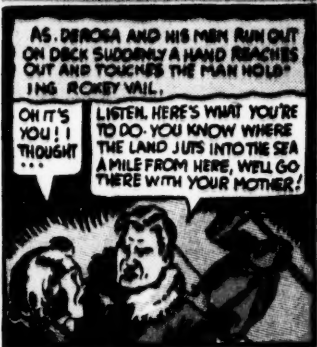
DOC TRIES TO GET DEROSA BUT BULLETS DRIVE HIM BACK TO THE GLACIERS....



THAT NIGHT DOC RECOGNIZES BEN O'GARD'S GANG SPYING NEAR THE SHIP WHERE DEROSA AND HIS GANG ARE.

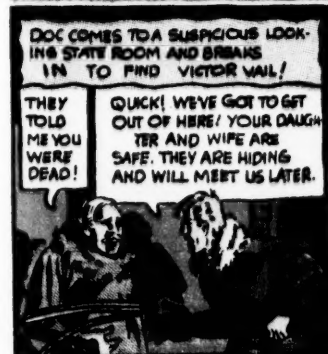
BOARDERS! BEN O'GARD AND HIS SWARM, THEY'RE COMIN' ABOARD

O'GARD? QUICK... HOLD HER WE BETTER LOOK IN TO DIS!



AS DEROSA AND HIS MEN RUN OUT ON DECK SUDDENLY A HAND REACHES OUT AND TOUCHES THE MAN HOLDING ROKEY VAIL.

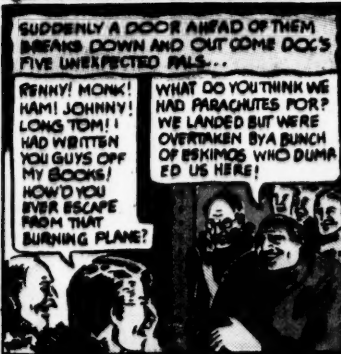
OH IT'S YOU! I THOUGHT... LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO: YOU KNOW WHERE THE LAND JUTS INTO THE SEA A MILE FROM HERE, WE'LL GO THERE WITH YOUR MOTHER!



DOC COMES TO A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING STATE ROOM AND BREAKS IN TO FIND VICTOR VAIL!

THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE DEAD!

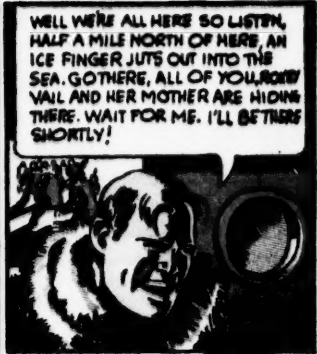
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! YOUR DAUGHTER AND WIFE ARE SAFE. THEY ARE HIDING AND WILL MEET US LATER.



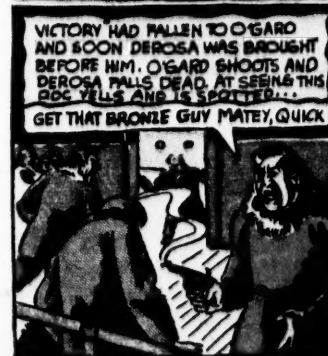
SUDDENLY A DOOR AHEAD OF THEM BREAKS DOWN AND OUT COME DOC'S FIVE UNEXPECTED RALS...

FENNY! MONK! HAM! JOHNNY! LONG TOM! I HAD WRITTEN YOU GUYS OFF MY BOOKS! HOW DO YOU EVER ESCAPE FROM THAT BURNING PLANE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE HAD PARACHUTES FOR? WE LANDED BUT WERE OVERTAKEN BY A BUNCH OF ESKIMOS WHO DUMPED US HERE!



WELL WE'RE ALL HERE SO LISTEN, HALF A MILE NORTH OF HERE, AN ICE FINGER JUTS OUT INTO THE SEA. GO THERE, ALL OF YOU, ROKEY VAIL AND HER MOTHER ARE HIDING THERE. WAIT FOR ME. I'LL BETRAY SHORTLY!



VICTORY HAD FALLEN TO O'GARD AND SOON DEROSA WAS BROUGHT BEFORE HIM. O'GARD SHOOTS AND DEROSA FALLS DEAD. AT SEEING THIS DOC YELLS AND IS SPOTTED...

GET THAT BRONZE GUY MATEY, QUICK



DOC SAVAGE CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE DECK OF THE SHIP... AND O'GARD AND HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS CHASE AFTER HIM WITH FLAMING GUNS...



**AS DOC IS RUNNING HE DROPS A CHEMICAL MIXTURE FOR DISSOLVING ICE. SOON THE ICE STARTS IN TO MELT AT GREAT SPEED AND THE SECTION ON WHICH O'GARD AND HIS MEN WERE STANDING BEGINS TO BREAK AND STARTS DRIFTING FAST WITH THE CURRENTS OUT INTO THE SEA. DOC RETURNS TO HIS COMPANIONS AGAIN AND DISSOLVES THE ICE NEAR THEM AND FINDS THE LOST SUB.**



HOW DID THIS SUBMARINE HAPPEN TO BE HERE?

I'M AFRAID I STOLE IT WHEN NONE OF O'GARD'S GANG WAS ABOARD. I SPOTTED IT YESTERDAY AND SAILED IT HERE TO THIS SPOT AND CONCEALED IT WITH THE SNOW!



**RIM FATE HAD AT LAST GRASPED BEN O'GARD AND HIS GANG. THE STRONG CURRENT OF THE WAVES RUSHING OUT INTO THE SEA SOON-OVERTOOK THEM ALL!**

I JUST RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU, DOC, OVER THE RADIO. IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ORIENT!



**DOC READS THE MESSAGE AND IS OVERCOME WITH JOY. A NEW ADVENTURE THAT WILL TAKE HIM TO THE ORIENT....**

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE TREASURE, DOC?

O'GARD MOVED IT FROM THE SHIP TO HERE. IN FACT IT'S HERE UNDER THE FLOOR OF YOUR CABIN, MONK!



**VICTOR VAIL'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER EXPLAIN HOW THEY HAPPENED TO ESCAPE THE DISASTER 15 YEARS AGO, AND HOW THE ESKIMOS HAD GIVEN THEM SHELTER UNTIL KEELHAUL DE ROSA HAD COME THERE IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE. A TREASURE THAT HE NEVER FOUND. THE REUNION WITH HIS FAMILY, LOST FOR 60 MANY YEARS, WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT COULD EVER HAVE HAPPENED TO VICTOR VAIL AND DOC WAS SATISFIED.**





**I**NVESTED WITH  
POWERS OF THE SUN,  
JIM WILSON RETURNS  
TO EARTH AS  
AJAX THE SUN MAN—  
MIGHTY NEMESIS TO  
THE ENEMIES  
OF JUSTICE!

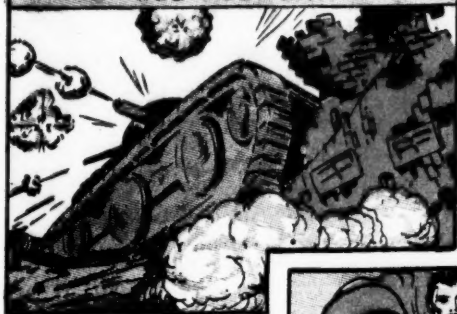
I'M HATAR, AND ONE DAY  
I'LL RULE THE ENTIRE  
STUPID EARTH!



WITH MY MODERN  
MACHINERY OF WAR  
I CAN WIPE OUT ALL THESE  
QUIBBLING DICTATORS—BUT I  
SHALL STRIKE IN THIS  
COUNTRY FIRST!



NEXT DAY, AND THE WAR MACHINE STARTS ON A PATH OF DESTRUCTION.



ON THE HIGH SEAS, TORPEDOES TAKE A HEAVY TOLL.



AH, I HAVE THE COUNTRY SHAKING WITH FEAR. NOW I AM MASTER!



AJAX, ENDOWED WITH THE POWERS OF THE SUN, COMES FORTH TO BATTLE THE MIGHT OF HATAR.

IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE FOUND SOME OF HATAR'S SOLDIERS.



C'MON, KID, LET'S SEE YOU DANCE!



WHAT IN THE -



NOW WE'LL SEE YOU DANCE AWHILE!

STAN  
YOU  
WE'LL  
TO

THAT  
WE'LL  
YOU

GEE

LIKE  
AIR

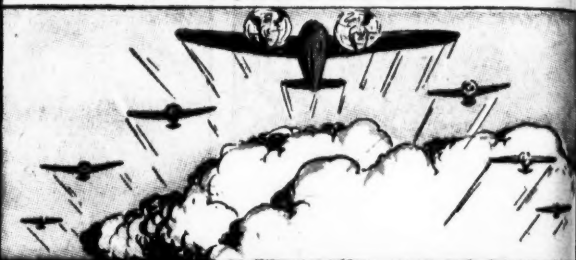






AJAX, LOOK AT THE SKY!

A HEAVY DRONING SOUND, AND ONE OF HATAR'S BOMBERS APPEARS WITH A GROUP OF PURSUIT PLANES.



BOMBERS, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



HOLY MACKEREL! LOOK AT THAT GUY GO!



LOUIE, DID YOU SEE THAT?

GAWSH-WHAT KIND OF MAN IS HE?



HELLO, KILLERS. MIND IF I DROP IN?

PLUG HIM, LOUIE PLUG HIM!



THIS IS THE LAST STOP FOR YOU MONKEYS!

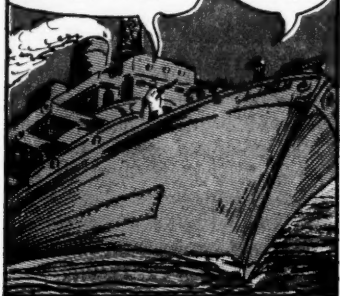




HATAR'S NAVY PREPARES  
FOR A MASS BOMBING.

WE'LL MOVE OUT  
AND BOMB THE  
COAST LINE!

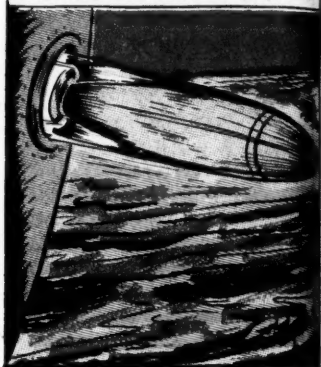
AYE, AYE,  
SIR!



STAND BY FOR  
TORPEDO RELEASE!



A SECRET COMPARTMENT  
OPENS AND A DEADLY  
MISSILE SLIDES FORTH.



HIGH ON A CLIFF, AJAX WATCHES.

SO NOW THEY'RE TORPEDOING  
THE COAST LINE! I'LL  
SOON FIX THAT!



HE SWIMS INTO THE PATH OF THE MISSILE.

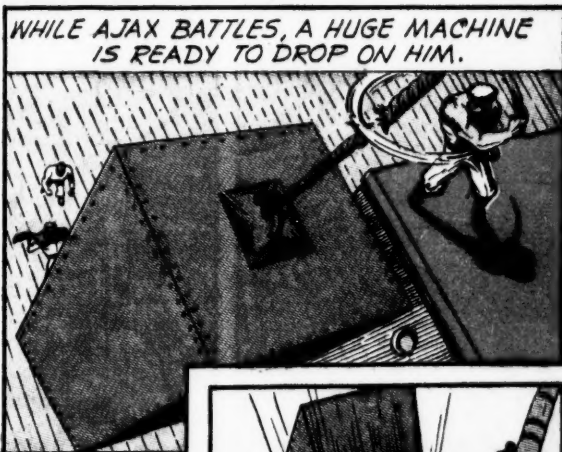


AND WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT  
HOOK SENDS THE TORPEDO  
INTO THE AIR TO EXPLODE.



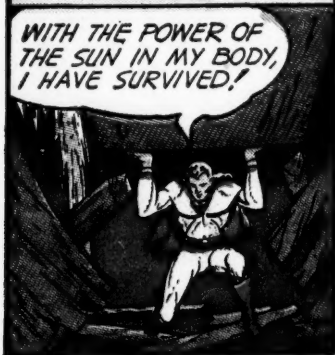
HE ACTUALLY STOPPED  
IT! MAN THE DECKS  
- EVERYBODY!





USING HIS TREMENDOUS  
ENERGIES, AJAX HEAVES  
THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT  
UPWARD.

WITH THE POWER OF  
THE SUN IN MY BODY,  
I HAVE SURVIVED!



NOW TO GET BACK  
AND EVEN THE  
SCORE!



HE'S BACK  
AGAIN!

THIS IS  
YOUR FINISH  
HATAR!



RING AROUND THE  
ROSIES-AND DOWN  
YOU GO!



WOW,  
DON'T LET 'IM  
CATCH ME!



NOT SO FAST  
PEACE-WRECKER!





LISTEN TO REASON,  
MAN - TOGETHER  
WE CAN BE GREAT  
RULERS!

ALWAYS  
THE RATEH  
HATAR?

POWF!

THAT'S WHAT WE  
CALL A SUN MAN  
HAYMAKER.

AJAX LANDS A TERRIFIC BLOW...

...AND THE WAR MONGER IS CARRIED  
THROUGH THE AIR AND LEFT  
DANGLING ON A HOOK.

AT THAT MOMENT, GOVERNMENT MEN  
BOARD THE SHIP.

HA, HA. LOOK AT  
THE BAD, BAD  
MAN!

YEAH, WONDER  
WHO LEFT HIM  
HANGING THERE?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE  
IN FOR A LONG  
REST, HATAR.

CONFOUND  
THAT SUN MAN!

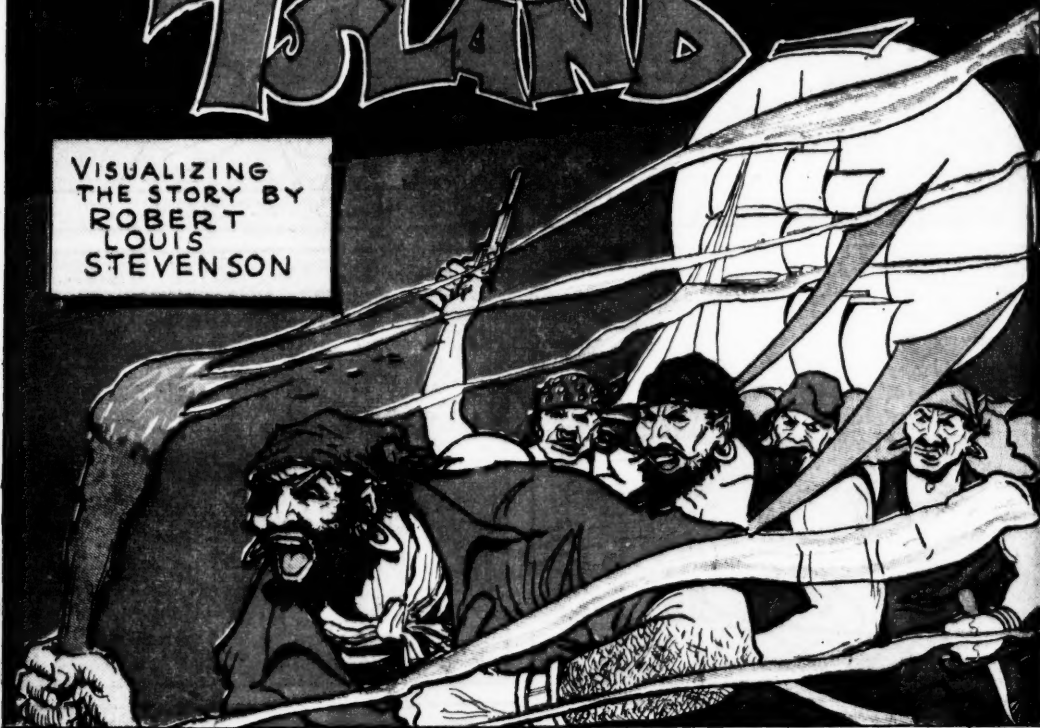
MY WORK'S FINISHED  
HERE. NOW TO FIND  
MORE TROUBLE.

WATCH FOR MORE THRILLS  
WITH AJAX, THE SUN MAN  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
DOC SAVAGE COMICS.



# TREASURE ISLAND

VISUALIZING  
THE STORY BY  
ROBERT  
LOUIS  
STEVENSON



## PART III

JIM HAWKINS, OUR YOUNG HERO, HAVING TOLD THE GRUESOME STORY OF LONG JOHN SILVER'S TREACHERY TO HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND, THE MAROONED, BEN GUNN, LEARNS THAT GUNN HIMSELF HAD BEEN CAST ASHORE ON TREASURE ISLAND THREE YEARS BEFORE, TO DIE, BY THE VERY SAME BLOOD THIRSTY BAND OF PIRATES--- THEY SWEAR TO STAND BY EACH OTHER TO THE END.

WELL LAD, THEY MAY HAVE TAKEN YOUR GOOD SHIP, THE HISPANOLA, BUT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS STILL HOLD THE STOCKADE--- AND YOU MAY LAY TO IT THAT THEY'RE NOT H'ISTING ANCHOR UNTIL THEY'VE FOUND THE GOLD THAT'S BURIED HERE, SO AS LONG AS BEN GUNN IS AFOOT, THERE'S STILL A LONG CHANCE WE CAN BEAT THEM-- NOW BACK TO YOUR PARTY LAD, AND WHEN YOU NEED ME REMEMBER OUR SIGNAL.

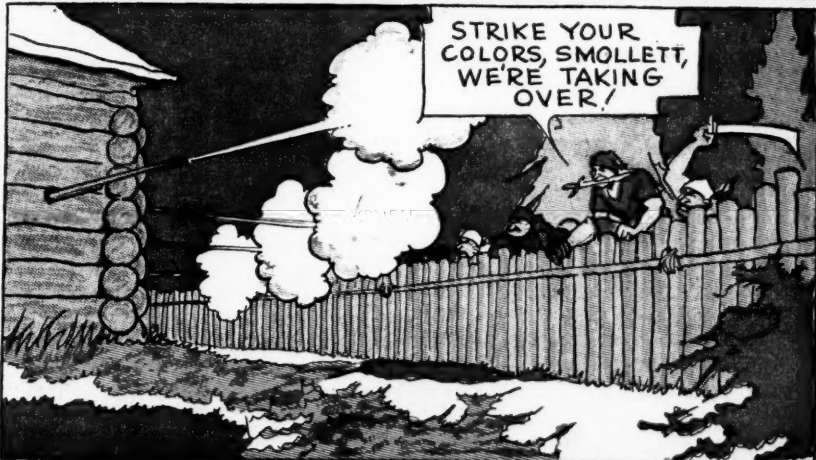


MAKING AS MUCH HASTE BACK TO THE STOCKADE AS CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTED, (FOR MOST ALL OF SILVER'S CREW WAS ROVING ABOUT ASHORE BY NOW) I WAS MOST WARMLY GREETED BY MY PARTY AND THEN CAPT. SMOLLETT MADE A MOST SERIOUS SPEECH TO ALL OF US. —

MY LADS, I'VE GIVEN SILVER A BROADSIDE, AND BEFORE THE HOUR'S OUT, WE SHALL BE BOARDED... WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, I NEEDN'T TELL YOU THAT BUT WE FIGHT IN SHELTER, I'VE NO MANNER OF DOUBT THAT WE CAN DRUB THEM, IF YOU CHOOSE!



THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT. IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE, WITH A LOUD CHORUS OF OATHS, A STRONG PARTY OF PIRATES SWARMED FROM THE WOODS AND MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE STOCKADE. WE GREETED THEM WITH EVERY MUSKET WE HAD.



IT WAS A FIERCE ENCOUNTER WHILE IT LASTED, ENDING ONLY WHEN THE REMAINING HANDFUL OF OUR ENEMIES DISAPPEARED AGAIN INTO THE WOODS, BUT WE HAD PAID A PRICE FOR OUR VICTORY.



HUNTER  
LAY BESIDE  
HIS LOOPHOLE  
UNCONSCIOUS,  
JOYCE, BY  
HIS SHOT  
THROUGH  
THE HEAD  
NEVER TO  
MOVE AGAIN,  
WHILE RIGHT  
IN THE  
CENTER THE  
SQUIRE WAS  
SUPPORTING  
THE CAPTAIN,  
ONE AS  
WEAK AS  
THE OTHER.

HAVE THEY  
RUN, SQUIRE?

ALL THAT COULD, YOU MAY  
BE BOUND, SIR, BUT THERE'S  
FIVE OF THEM THAT WILL NEVER  
RUN AGAIN--FIVE AGAINST THREE  
LEAVES US FOUR TO NINE!

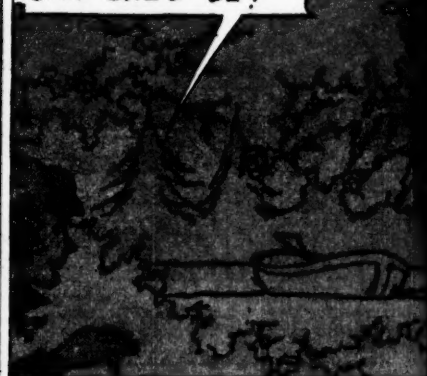


AFTER ALL  
WAS SET IN  
THE BEST  
OF ORDER  
POSSIBLE,  
AFTER WHAT  
HAD HAPPENED--  
I DECIDED  
TO ATTEMPT TO  
PERFECT A  
PLAN THAT  
HAD BEEN  
FORMING  
IN MY  
RESTLESS  
MIND--  
BEN GUNN  
HAD TOLD  
ME OF A  
HIDDEN BOAT  
HE'D BUILT--

I SHAN'T BE MISSED AT  
ANY RATE, AND SOME GOOD  
MAY COME OF IT-- SOME  
BISCUITS, MY FIREARMS  
AND-- I'M OFF!



SURE ENOUGH--HERE SHE  
IS, JUST WHERE BEN GUNN  
SAID SHE'D BE!



NOT ANY TOO SEA-WORTHY, BUT  
FOR ONE MY SIZE I GUESS SHE'LL  
DO-- NOW IF I CAN ONLY MANAGE  
TO RUN HER ALONGSIDE THE  
HISPANOLA WHILE SILVER AND HIS  
FULL CREW OF CUT-THROATS ARE ASHORE.

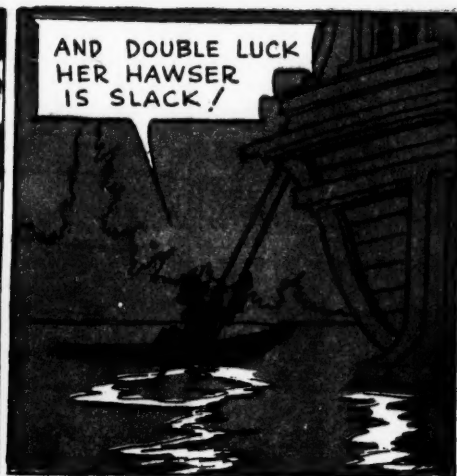
I'LL CUT HER ADRIFT--AND  
LEAVE THEM ALL HIGH AND DRY!



LUCK WAS WITH ME FROM THE START - A SWIFT-RUNNING TIDE SWUNG ME RIGHT IN THE FAIRWAY, AND THE HISPANOLA LOOMED UP DARKLY BEFORE ME, HARDLY TO BE MISSED.



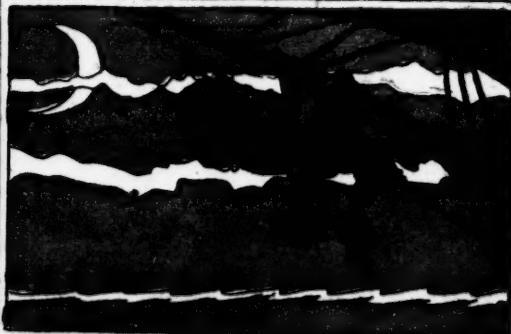
AND DOUBLE LUCK HER HAWSER IS SLACK!



WITH THAT I TOOK OUT MY GULLY-KNIFE AND CUT ONE STRAND AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL WITH A GOOD TOUGH EFFORT I CUT THE LAST OF THE FIBERS THROUGH.



AT THAT MOMENT A SUDDEN SWELL PITCHED ME FORWARD, I CLUTCHED THE JIB-BOOM, THEN CRAWLED ALONG THE BOW-SPRIT AND TUMBLED HEAD FIRST ON THE DECK



THERE WERE THE TWO WATCHMEN SURE ENOUGH RED-CAP ON HIS BACK DEAD, ISRAEL HANDS WAS PROPPED UP AGAINST THE BULWARKS MOANING I BEGAN TO FEEL SURE THEY HAD KILLED EACH OTHER IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL.



COME ABOARD MR. HANDS!

I-I RECKON -- I R-RECKON, CAP'N HAWKINS, YOU'LL KIND O' WANT TO GET ASHORE, NOW,--S'POSE WE TALKS!



SO WE STRUCK A BARGAIN, WHEREBY I GAVE HIM FOOD AND DRINK AND BOUND HIS WOUNDS, AND HE TOLD ME HOW TO SAIL THE SCHOONER, WHICH I SOON HAD SKIMMING LIKE A BIRD TOWARD THE ISLAND. THROUGHOUT IT ALL HE WORE A TREACHEROUS SMILE, AND I WAS EVER ON THE ALERT, FINALLY —

CAP'N, I'LL TAKE IT KIND IF YOU'D STEP DOWN INTO THAT THERE CABIN AND GET ME A, — WELL, A — SHIVER MY TIMBERS! I CAN'T HIT THE NAME ON'T, — WELL GET ME A BOTTLE OF WINE!



I SUSPECTED HIM FROM THE START, IT WAS CLEAR THAT HE WANTED ME TO GO BELOW FOR SOME SET PURPOSE. HOWEVER I SCUTTLED DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY WITH ALL THE NOISE I COULD, BUT SLIPPED BACK INTO A POSITION WHERE I COULD WATCH HIM, — AND---

HE'S CRAWLED ACROSS THE DECK AND FOUND DEAD RED-CAP'S DIRK AND HIDDEN IT IN HIS JACKET, — THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



THANKEE FOR THE WINE CAP'N -- NOW, LOOK HERE THERE'S A PET BIT FOR TO BEACH A SHIP IN, — STARBOARD A LITTLE, --NOW STEADY-- STARBOARD-- LARBOARD A LITTLE--STEADY--NOW MY HEARTY, LUFF!



HE ISSUED HIS COMMANDS SO FAST THAT THEY HAD SOMEWHAT INTERFERED WITH THE WATCH I HAD HITHERTO KEPT, TURNING MY HEAD INSTINCTIVELY. HOWEVER THERE WAS HANDS, HALF WAY TOWARD ME, CRAWLING, HIS DIRK CLENCHED BETWEEN HIS TEETH.



AS HE LUNGED AT ME I LEAPED SIDWAYS, RELEASING THE TILLER, WHICH SPRANG SHARP TO LEEWARD CATCHING HIM AMIDSHIPS —





QUICK AS  
A FLASH I  
SPRANG  
INTO THE  
MIZZEN-  
SHROUDS,  
RATTLED  
UP HAND  
OVER HAND,  
AND DID  
NOT DRAW  
A BREATH  
TILL I  
WAS SEATED  
SAFELY.  
(I THOUGHT)  
ON THE  
CROSS-  
TREES. HE  
FOLLOWED ME.

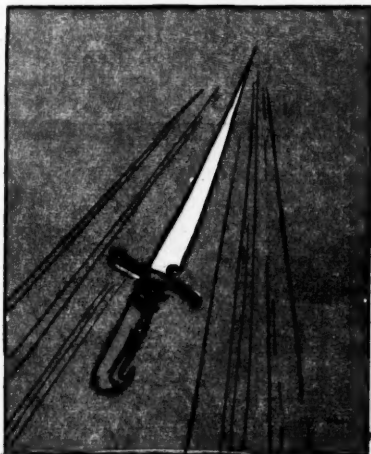
ONE MORE STEP MR. HANDS,  
AND I'LL BLOW YOUR  
BRAINS OUT!



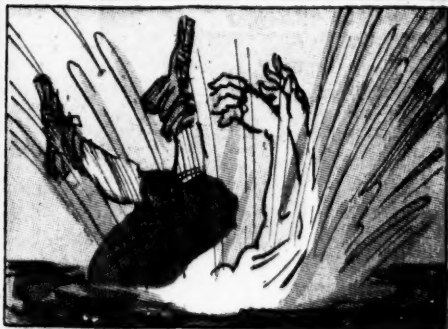
JIM, I RECKON WE'RE FOULED,-  
YOU AND ME, AND WE'LL HAVE  
TO SIGN ARTICLES,- I'D HAVE  
HAD YOU BUT FOR THAT LURCH-  
AND I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO  
STRIKE, WHICH COMES HARD FOR  
A MASTER MARINER LIKE ME TO  
A SHIP'S YOUNKER LIKE YOU, JIM!



I WAS  
DRINKING  
IN HIS WORDS,  
WHEN ALL AT  
ONCE BACK  
WENT HIS  
RIGHT HAND  
AND SOMETHING  
SANG LIKE  
AN ARROW  
THROUGH THE  
AIR I WAS  
PINNED TO  
THE MAST-  
BOTH MY  
PISTOLS WENT  
OFF AND  
FELL INTO  
THE SEA



BUT THEY DID NOT FALL ALONE.  
WITH A CHOKED CRY, HANDS LOOSED  
HIS GRASP UPON THE SHROUDS  
AND PLUNGED HEAD FIRST AFTER  
THEM -



LUCKILY  
THE DIRK  
HELD ME  
BY A MERE  
PINCH OF  
SKIN. I  
HASTILY  
REMOVED  
IT, AND  
SEEING  
THAT THE  
HISPANOLA  
WAS SAFELY  
BEACHED  
I MADE A  
NOTE OF THE  
LOCATION  
AND  
WAPED  
ASHORE.

SHE'S AS SAFE AS IF SHE  
WERE IN HER HOME BERTH  
THERE, NOW TO GET BACK  
TO THE STOCKADE



NIGHT HAD FALLEN WHEN I  
ARRIVED, - ALL WAS DARK WITHIN-  
AND THERE WAS NOT A SOUL  
STIRRING, - WHEN SUDDENLY--

SILVER'S  
GREEN  
PARROT!



PANIC-STRICKEN,  
I TURNED TO  
RUSH FROM THE  
PLACE, BUT RAN  
STRAIGHT INTO  
A PAIR OF  
POWERFUL ARMS  
THAT HELD ME  
LIKE A VISE  
AND I WAS  
THEN DRAGGED  
INTO THE HOUSE  
AND TOSSED  
BEFORE THE  
LEERING  
LONG JOHN  
SILVER  
HIMSELF.

WELL NOW, HERE'S A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH I MUST ALLOW.  
COMMODORE JIM HAWKINS, HIMSELF IN PERSON, - WELL, SIR,  
HERE'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS, - YOUR FRIENDS BEING  
FULLY FED UP WITH YOU FOR DESERTIN', 'EM, AND THE SHIP  
HAVING BLOWN TO SEA, AND BOTH SIDES OF US BEING  
FAIRLY WELL DONE IN, THEY ASKED FOR A TRUCE, - TURNED  
THE STOCKADE OVER TO US WITH ALL THE STORES, THEN  
TOOK THEIR LEAVE, -- NEITHER SIDE TO MOLEST THE OTHER.  
SO NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK, YOU BETTER SIGN ALONG UP  
WITH US, LAD!



NEVER! - I'D DIE  
RATHER THAN JOIN UP  
WITH CUT-THROATS  
LIKE YOU, JOHN SILVER.  
AND YOUR ENTIRE  
WOLF-PACK!

AND IT'S WE  
THAT WILL BE,  
ACCOMMODATIN',  
YOU THIS  
MINUTE IN YOUR  
WISH - YOU  
YOUNG  
GALLEY-SNIPE!



HOLD! - YOU SWABS! -- THE  
LAD'S A BIT TOOK WITH TROPIC  
FEVER, --- GET BELOW DECKS.  
I'LL HANDLE THE LAD, -- ALONE



IN HIGH ANGER  
THE MEN WENT  
OUTSIDE FOR A  
CONSULTATION,  
AND THEN  
LONG JOHN  
MADE ME A  
VERY UNUSUAL  
PROPOSITION

NOW HERE'S THE LAY OF IT,  
JIM, M'LAD, IF YOU'LL SOLEMN  
SWEAR NOT TO BEAR WITNESS  
AGAINST ME WHEN WE GET  
BACK HOME, -- I'LL SOLEMN  
SWEAR TO PROTECT YOU TILL  
WE GET THERE, - IS IT A GO?

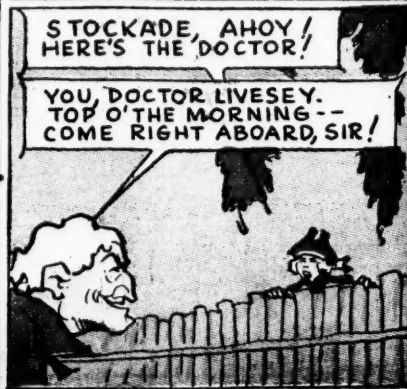
I PROMISE TO DO WHAT  
I CAN, LONG JOHN!



EARLY NEXT MORNING WE  
HAD A MOST WELCOME, (TO ME),  
VISITOR --

STOCKADE, AHoy!  
HERE'S THE DOCTOR!

YOU, DOCTOR LIVESey.  
TOP O' THE MORNING --  
COME RIGHT ABOARD, SIR!



AFTER DR. LIVESY HAD TREATED SEVERAL OF THE WOUNDED PIRATES HE SLIPPED A FOLD OF PAPERS TO LONG JOHN SILVER, THEN HE MADE A REQUEST TO SPEAK TO ME ALONE FOR A MOMENT, - IT WAS GRANTED BY LONG JOHN OVER GREAT OBJECTION.

PIPE DOWN YOU FOOLS! HE'S JUST NOW HANDED ME THE VERY MAP ITSELF TO CAPTAIN FLINT'S HIDDEN PILE, WE'RE BOUND A-TREASURE HUNTING THIS VERY DAY!



YES, JIM, I GAVE HIM THE MAP FOR A REASON. WE MET YOUR BEN GUNN THROUGH THE SIGNAL YOU GAVE US. HE KNOWS EVERY INCH OF THIS ISLAND AND HE'S ON OUR SIDE, - WHIP OVER, AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT!



NO, DOCTOR, I PASSED MY WORD, AND BACK I GO, -- BUT I'VE GOT THE SHIP PART BY LUCK--AND PART BY RISKING,-- SHE LIES IN NORTH INLET, ON THE SOUTHERN BEACH, AND JUST BELOW HIGH WATER. AT HALF-TIDE SHE MUST BE HIGH AND DRY, BUT SHE'S HIDDEN WELL, - GOOD BYE!

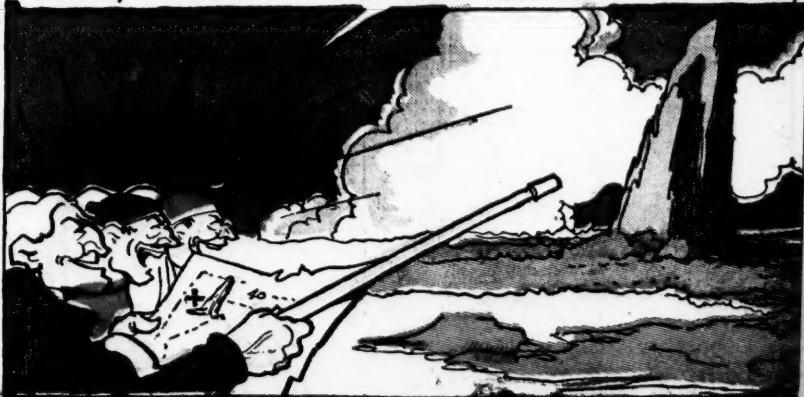


AY, MATES, -- IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU LUGS THAT YOU HAVE MY BRAINS ALONG TO DO YOUR THINKIN' -- SURE ENOUGH THEY HAVE THE SHIP,-- AND ONCE WE HIT THE TREASURE WE'LL DIG THE SHIP OUT OF HIDING TOO,----- THEN A SQUARE SHARE APIECE JUST AMONG OURSEL'S -- AND MAROON THEM HERE BEHIND, - JUST FOR SAFE KEEPING!



SO IN HIGH GOOD HUMOR THIS MIXED COMPANY OF TRAITOROUS CUT-THROATS STARTED ON THEIR SEARCH FOR PIRATE CAPT FLINT'S GREAT MASS OF BURIED GOLD - ASSURED OF COMPLETE SUCCESS, FOR LONG JOHN HAD THE ONE AND ONLY ORIGINAL MAP -

WE'LL BE COMING ON IT NOW, IN NO TIME AT ALL, ME HEARTY -- IT'S DESIGNATED ON THE MAP TO BE EXACTLY FORTY PACES NORTH,-- FORTY PACES EAST FROM THAT 'LONE ROCK' AHEAD!



SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE CREW DASHED AHEAD IN ONE MAD RUSH TO THE CHARTED SPOT AND BEGAN FEVERISHLY TO MEASURE OFF THE PAGES,... LONG JOHN HOBBLING ALONG BEHIND WITH A GREEDY GLINT IN HIS EYE,... WHEN SUDDENLY THE VERY HEAVENS SEEMED TO CRASH DOWN UPON US --

IT'S GONE--  
THE GOLD--  
OUR GOLD--  
IT'S BEEN LIFTED!

LONG JOHN!

AND YOU, LONG JOHN YOU BLATHERING OLD FOOL--- YOU'LL SWING FROM A YARD-ARM FOR THIS!

IT'S NOT NEW DUG EITHER-- IT'S BEEN GONE FOR YEARS!



TRUE ENOUGH, NOTHING REMAINED OF THE VAST GOLD PIRATE FORTUNE CLAWING WITH FRENZIED FINGERS THE CRAZED CREW UNCOVERED THE BROKEN CHESTS, EMPTIED OF ALL THEY'D EVER HELD. THE MADNESS OF THE BUKANEERS KNEW NO BOUNDS LONG JOHN HANDED ME A DOUBLE-BARRELED RIFLE-- WHEN--

MATES, THERE'S TWO OF THEM ALONE THERE. ONE'S THE OLD CRIPPLE THAT BLUNDERED US DOWN TO THIS,-- THE OTHER'S THE CUB I MEAN TO HAVE THE HEART OF,-- SO, MATES --



AS HE RAISED TO FIRE,-- THREE SHOTS RANG OUT,-- AND HE AND TWO OTHERS DID A DEATH PLUNGE INTO THE PIT ---



THE OTHERS INSTANTLY FLED TO THE HILLS FOR THEIR LIVES, AS MY OLD FRIENDS STEPPED FROM THE NEARBY THICKET LED BY MY NEW FRIEND, BEN GUNN, THE MYSTICAL MAROONED MARINER OF TREASURE ISLAND.



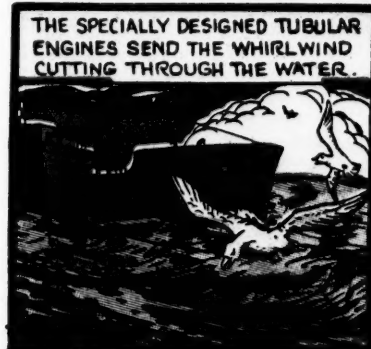
IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE, DR. LIVESEY. -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE MADE A VERY FINE START --

WHERE IS THE  
LOST TREASURE  
IS IT STILL ON  
THE ISLAND --

WILL OUR FRIENDS  
DISCOVER IT --  
AND WILL THEY EVER  
RETURN HOME ALIVE?

DON'T MISS THE  
FINAL FASCINATING  
CHAPTER OF  
TREASURE ISLAND --  
HERE  
NEXT  
MONTH.





A JAPONION BOARDING PARTY ARRIVES ON THE WHIRLWIND

CHINESE BOATS ACTIVE IN THIS WATER. MUST KNOW YOUR BOAT'S DESTINATION

ENGINE TROUBLE. WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO CORAL REEF TO REPAIR IT.



SORRY. NOT ALLOWED THERE. WE SIGNAL OUR SHIP THAT WE STAY HERE UNTIL YOU FIX.

OKAY. WE'LL DO THAT!



... AND WE STAY HERE UNTIL THEY FIX



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOU'LL FIND OUT—ROUND THEM UP, MEN!



WHEN THE JAPONION SIGNAL MAN FINISHES, CAP FURY AND HIS CREW RUSH AT THE BOARDING PARTY—!

THE JAPONIONS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HARD-HITTING CREW OF THE WHIRLWIND —!

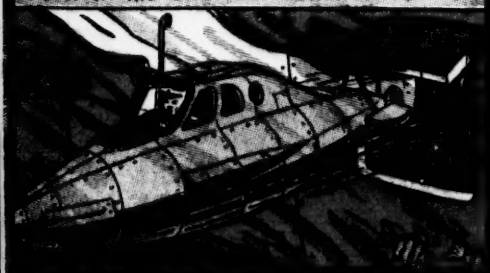


THAT'S IT, MEN—DOWN THE HOLD WITH THEM!

OPEN THE BOTTOM MAIN HATCH, DAN—I'M GOING TO CORAL REEF!



THE HATCH DOORS OPEN AND OUT SAILS CAP FURY IN HIS ONE MAN SUBMARINE —!



I'VE BEEN SPOTTED—THEY'RE SENDING OUT A TORPEDO!

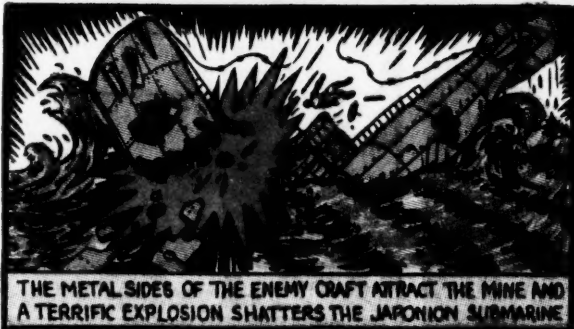


A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE WHIRLWIND, CAP IS ATTACKED BY A JAPONION SUBMARINE

THE SEA ADVENTURER DIPS HIS CRAFT IN TIME TO AVOID THE DEADLY TORPEDO!



CAP RELEASES A HIGHLY SENSITIZED MINE!



THE METAL SIDES OF THE ENEMY CRAFT ATTRACT THE MINE AND A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE JAPONION SUBMARINE

AT CORAL REEF, FURY LEAVES HIS SUB AND SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE!



SNEAKING ALONG THE SHORE, CAP COMES ON A WELL-GUARDED AMMUNITION DEPOT —



AN AMMUNITION DUMP!  
JUST THE THING I WANT!

AN AMERICAN—  
AFTER HIM, MEN!



THE GUARDS RUSH TO ATTACK THE SEA ROVER

LOOK OUT, BOYS—I'VE  
GOT WORK TO DO!



THE GUARDS ARE NO MATCH FOR FEARLESS CAP PIK

THIS TIME BOMB WILL TAKE CARE  
OF THINGS—NOW TO GET COMET JACKSON!



FURY FINDS HIS WAY TO THE PRISON.

THE PRISON—JACKSON  
MUST BE IN HERE !



OPEN THE DOOR—FAST !



THE GUARD IS EASILY SUBDUED !

THE AMERICAN AVIATOR RELEASED, FURY  
LOCKS THE GUARD IN THE CELL !

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A  
HURRY—THE BOMB'S DUE TO GO OFF !

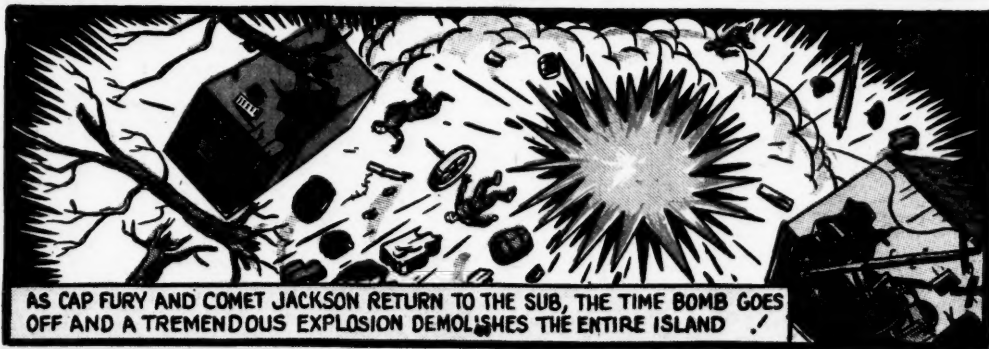


THE AMERICAN PRISONER  
—HE'S ESCAPED !

SOUND THE  
ALARM !



THE JAPONIONS FIND THEIR PRISONER GONE



AS CAP FURY AND COMET JACKSON RETURN TO THE SUB, THE TIME BOMB GOES  
OFF AND A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION DEMOLISHES THE ENTIRE ISLAND !

BACK ON BOARD THE WHIRLWIND .

THE DESTROYER OPENED FIRE ON US —  
SO WE SENT HER TO DAVEY JONES LOCKER !

KEEP THE PRISONERS  
IN THE HOLD.  
WE'LL TURN THEM  
OVER TO THE U.S.  
GOVERNMENT !



THEY HELD ME—TO LEARN  
THE SECRETS OF THE NEWLY  
TESTED ARMY BOMBER !

YOU CAN FORGET  
THAT—YOU'LL BE  
SAFE ON BOARD  
THE WHIRLWIND !



AND SO THE 'WHIRLWIND' CARRIES THE  
AMERICAN SAFELY HOME.

*Important:* THE NEXT ADVENTURE  
OF CAP FURY APPEARS IN THIS  
MAGAZINE BE SURE TO READ IT.



# Front Page News

## COP'S DEATH REVEALS RACKET



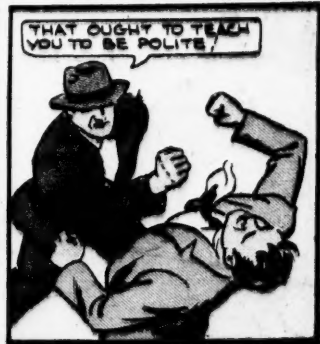
JIM  
TAYLOR

SEARCH BEGUN  
FOR DR. GORN  
AND HIS  
GANG

Girl reporter  
stumbles upon  
important clue.



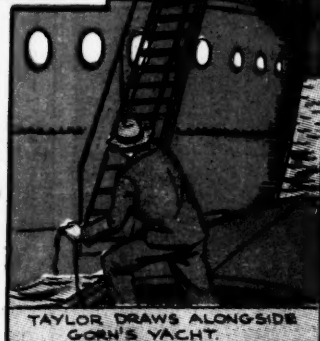
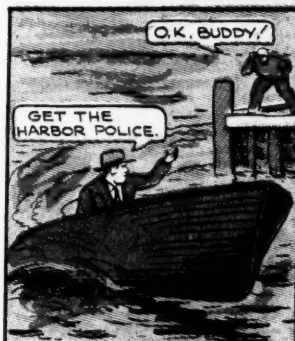
NANCY  
KANE





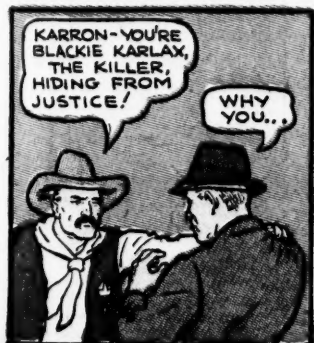
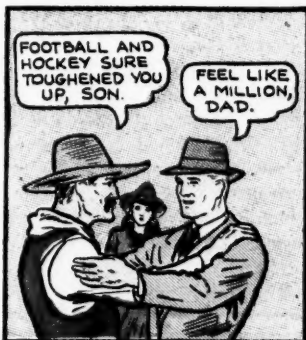
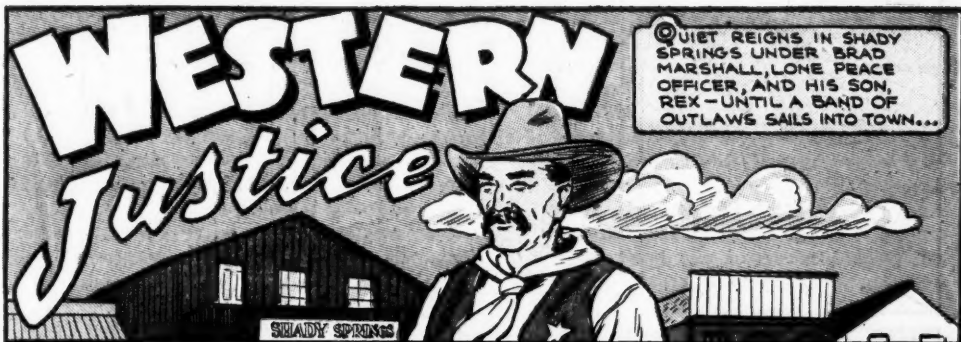
AS TAYLOR ENTERS THE ROOM, TWO THUGS GRAB HIM.

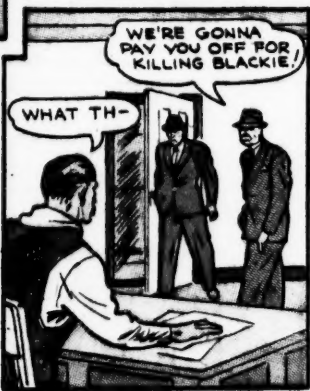
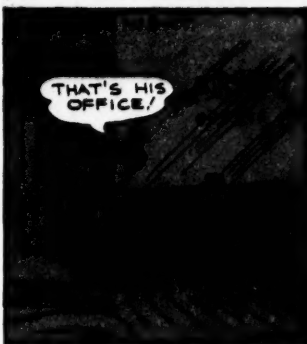
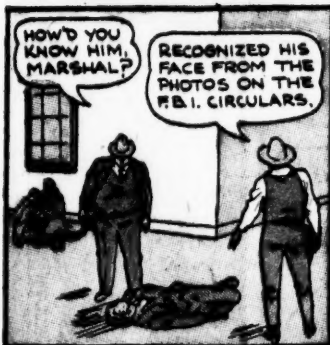


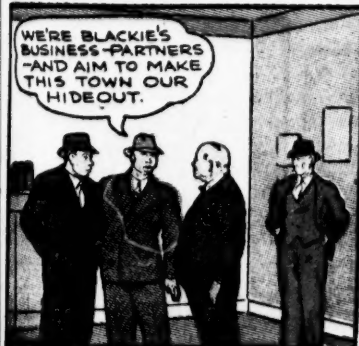
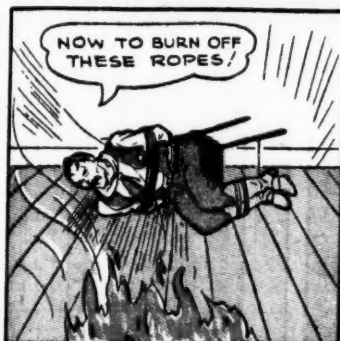


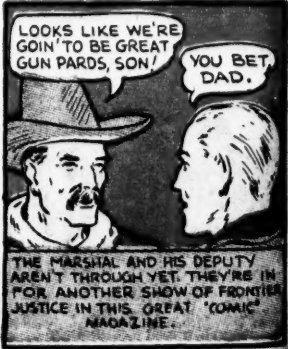




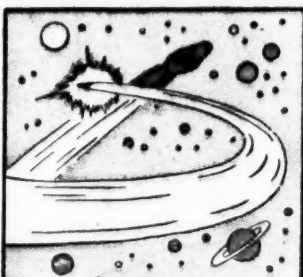












MILLIONS OF MILES FROM THE FRIENDLY EARTH, A ROCKET SHIP IS FORCED FROM ITS COURSE BY A SPEEDING COMET.



WHEW! THAT COMET NEARLY TOOK ME WITH IT THAT TIME!

RAY DARROW, ADVENTUROUS STAR ROVER, SITS AT THE CONTROLS.



THE SHIP FROM EARTH SETTLES TOWARD A STRANGE LOOKING MOON, FAR FROM THE REGULAR COURSE OF SPACE HIGHWAYS.



I'VE NEVER BEEN ON THIS WORLD BEFORE— WHY THERE'S NO ATMOSPHERE AND LITTLE GRAVITATION.

LANDING ON THE DEAD MOON, RAY STEPS FORTH PREPARED FOR ANY STRANGE ADVENTURE.



SEE, THERE'S AN EARTHMAN!

THE STAR ROVER IS WATCHED BY THE VICIOUS COLD MEN, CREATURES WHO DWELL IN THE ICY BARRIERS.



I COULD SWEAR I HEARD A SOUND—



SO I WAS RIGHT! WHAT TH— MY HAND IS FROZEN!

IT TURNS AT THE MOON IN THE SKY THE COLD MEN ARE WATCHING HIM.



I CAN HARDLY MOVE— MY SENSES ARE OUT OF CONTROL.

PHYSICAL CONTACT ONLY BRINGS A STINGING PAIN, AND THEN NUMBNESS TO HIS BODY.



IN HIS WEAKENED STATE, RAY IS PULLED TOWARD A GLITTERING PALACE OF ICE.



THIS IS THE  
LAST CHANCE,  
I'VE GOT TO  
TAKE IT.

WITH SUPERHUMAN EFFORT,  
RAY CRACKS INTO THE  
NEAREST CAPTOR.



HERE GOES

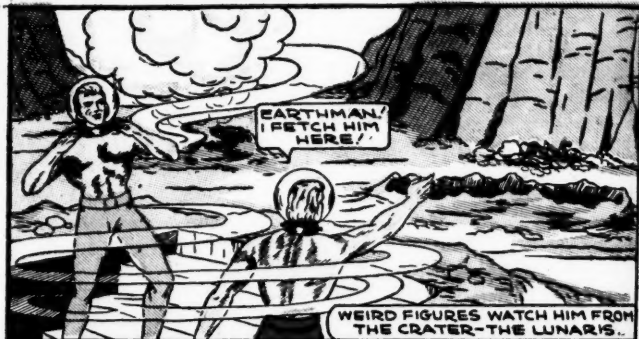
—AND THEN LEAPS DARINGLY  
OVER THE CLIFF.



DOWN, DOWN HE TUMBLES  
AMID ICE AND SNOW.



—AND LIES PRONE AT THE  
BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN.



EARTHMAN,  
I'VE FOUND HIM  
HERE.

WEIRD FIGURES WATCH HIM FROM  
THE CRATER—THE LUNARIS.



THE STAR ROVER IS DRAGGED  
TO THE CRATER.



COOH,  
WHERE  
AM I?

EASY, FRIEND.  
JUST DRINK  
THIS.

—WHERE THE LUNARIS RE-  
VIVE HIM WITH A STRANGE  
TASTING LIQUID.



I AM A LUNARI.  
I BROUGHT YOU  
IN FROM THE  
COLD.

BUT WHY  
DON'T I NEED  
MY ATMO-  
HELMET?



BECAUSE WE HAVE  
CREATED ATMO-  
SPHERIC CONDITIONS  
AROUND THE  
CRATERS.

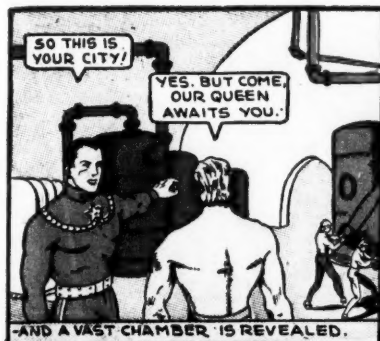
YOU PEOPLE MUST  
BE SCIENTIFIC  
WONDERS!

THEY ENTER A PASSAGE  
THAT LEADS UNDERGROUND.



YEARS AGO, EARTH  
PEOPLE LANDED  
HERE TO HELP US  
ADVANCE. OUR  
QUEEN IS THE  
LAST OF THEIR  
RACE.

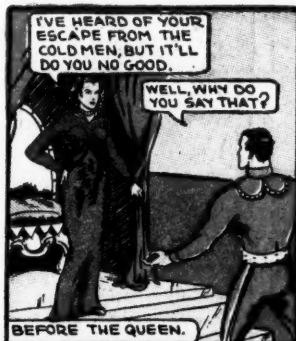
SUDDENLY THE STRANGE  
CAPTAIN SPEAKS.



SO THIS IS YOUR CITY!

YES. BUT COME, OUR QUEEN AWAITS YOU.

-AND A VAST CHAMBER IS REVEALED.



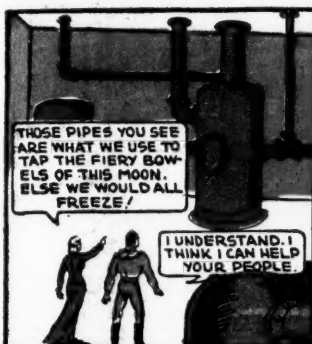
I'VE HEARD OF YOUR ESCAPE FROM THE COLD MEN, BUT IT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD.

WELL, WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

BEFORE THE QUEEN.

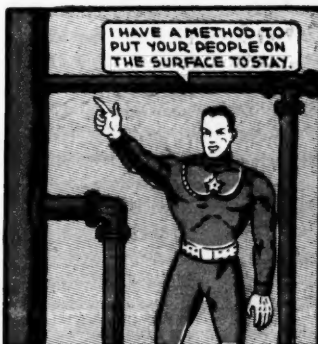


BECAUSE THE COLD MEN RULE THE OUTSIDE, AND WE ARE DOOMED TO LIVE FOREVER UNDERGROUND!



THOSE PIPES YOU SEE ARE WHAT WE USE TO TAP THE FIERY BOWELS OF THIS MOON. ELSE WE WOULD ALL FREEZE!

I UNDERSTAND. I THINK I CAN HELP YOUR PEOPLE.



I HAVE A METHOD TO PUT YOUR PEOPLE ON THE SURFACE TO STAY.



I'M GOING TO LEAD YOU IN BATTLE AGAINST YOUR ENEMIES!



FIRST, WE'LL ELEVATE ONE OF THE RADIATING VEINS TO THE OUTSIDE SURFACE.

THE STAR ROVER BEGINS HIS GRIM CONQUEST.



NOW WE'RE READY FOR ATTACK. SUMMON THE WARRIORS!

AT ONCE!

A WEEK LATER, RAY EMERGES TO THE SURFACE, READY TO BATTLE THE DREADED COLD MEN.



THE STRANGE PROCESSION FILES INTO THE OUTER WORLD, READY TO DO OR DIE AGAINST THEIR ENEMY.



AHA! THE FOOLISH LUNARIS DARE TRESS-PASS ON OUR SURFACE!

THE COLD MEN LIE IN WAIT, READY FOR A MASSACRE-



ATTACK! WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE FORCE!



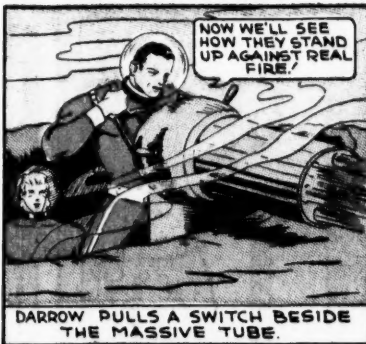
AND THE BATTLE OF THE SKIES RAGES FIERCELY.



IN THE CENTER OF THE FRAY, THE STAR ROVER PROVES HIMSELF A VERY CAPABLE LEADER.



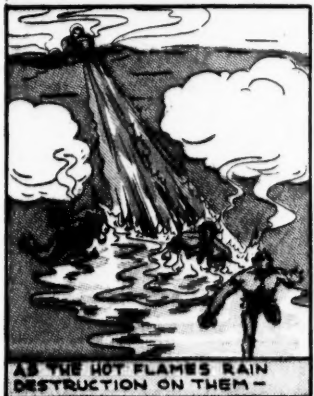
SUDDENLY, RAY LEADS FORWARD WITH THE ORDER TO RETREAT.



DARROW PULLS A SWITCH BESIDE THE MASSIVE TUBE.



RED HOT FLAMES, PIPED FROM UNDERGROUND, SPEN FORTH DEATH UPON THE SURPRISED COLD MEN



AS THE HOT FLAMES RAIN DESTRUCTION ON THEM-



-THEY TRY TO ESCAPE, BUT THE EARTHMAN DOESN'T STOP UNTIL THEY'RE ALL BLASTED TO BITS.



THE VICTORIOUS ARMY IS MET BY THE QUEEN.



BUT AREN'T YOU COMING AWAY WITH ME?

NO, I MUST STAY AND RULE HERE. I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.



MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL COME BACK.

GOODBYE, EARTHMAN!

THE STAR ROVER ZOOMS INTO SPACE WHERE OTHER WEIRD ADVENTURES LIE IN WAIT FOR HIM.

FOLLOW THE STAR ROVER IN HIS JOURNEYS THROUGH THE UNEXPLORED CORNERS OF FAR AWAY PLANETS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

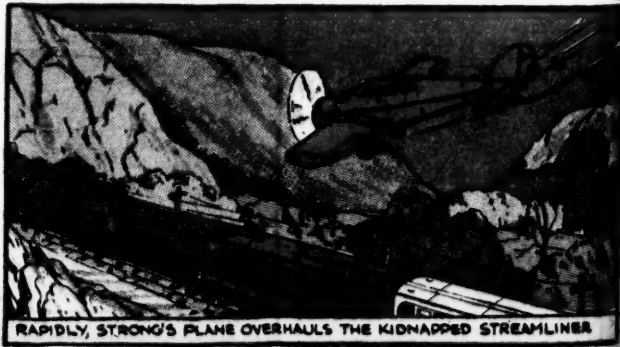
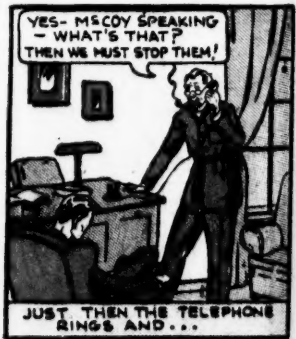
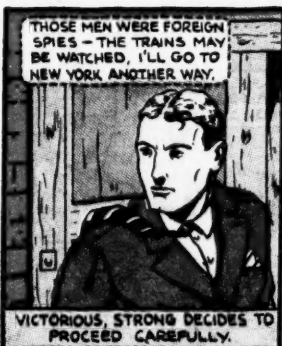


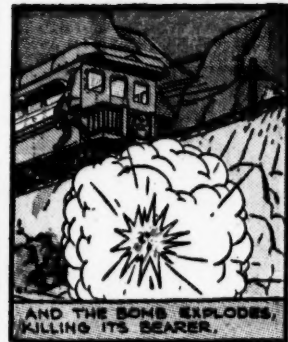
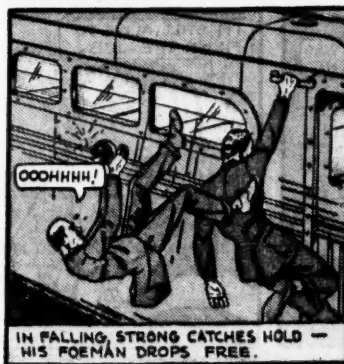
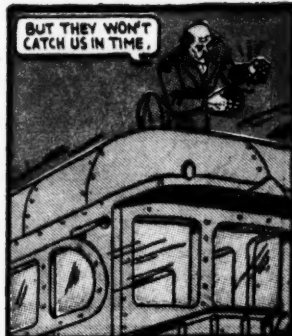
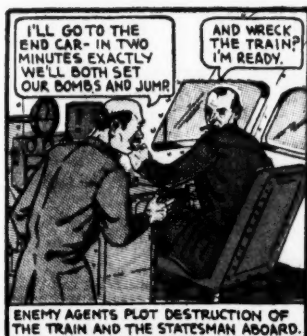
# STRONG

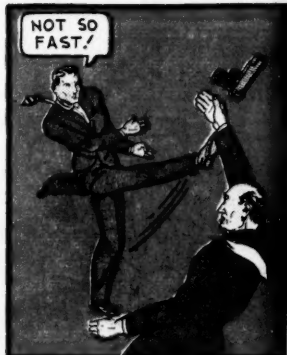
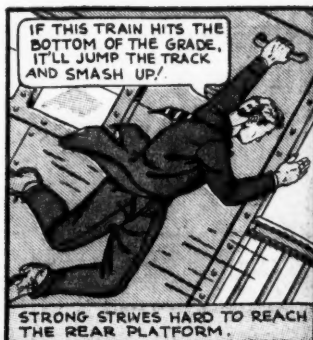
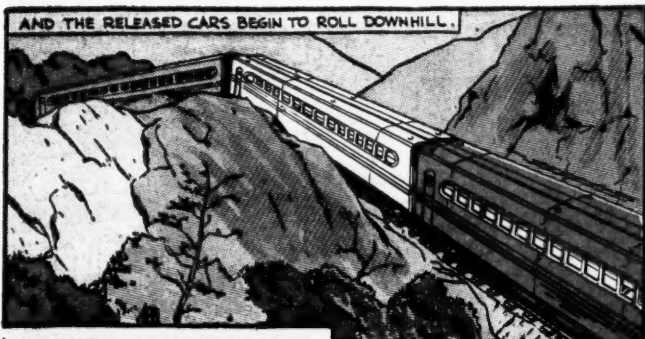
## OF THE Secret Service

LEE ENTERS THE SECRET SERVICE  
AND RUNS SMACK INTO TROUBLE  
WITH DEATH DEALING SPIES.











# THE TALKING TOAD

MYSTERY OF  
THE GREEN BIRDS.  
A GADGET MAN  
CARTOONETTE



A BOOK ON  
THE CARE AND  
FEEDING OF  
PARROTS IS  
A PART OF  
CLICK RUSH'S  
MORNING MAIL,  
THE SAME  
BEING VERY  
MUCH OF A  
SURPRISE TO  
THE SAME  
MR. RUSH--  
BECAUSE---

I'VE NEVER WANTED - OWNED-OR  
CARED A THING ABOUT ANY PARROT YET,  
AND I'M NOT STARTING TO - AT MY AGE.  
THIS MUST BE A GAG - IT HAS ALL THE  
EARMARKS OF ANOTHER ONE OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS BUFA'S IDEAS.



SURE ENOUGH,  
CLICK FOUND  
THE HALF OF A  
TEN-THOUSAND-  
DOLLAR BILL  
CLIPPED TO  
THE INSIDE OF  
THE BOOK COVER.

THE FINAL PROOF  
THAT THE  
UNKNOWN BUFA  
IS DETAILING  
CLICK TO  
OTHER WEIRD  
ADVENTURE.

ANYTHING CAN-- AND WILL  
HAPPEN NOW - FROM HERE  
ON I'M COMPLETELY ON MY OWN  
--- AND I SINCERELY HOPE THAT  
IT'S NOT-- ON MY OWN NECK?



CLICK  
HADN'T  
LONG TO  
WAIT.  
THE FIRST  
WARNING  
BLAST  
APPEARED  
IN AN AD  
IN THAT  
AFTERNOON'S  
NEWSPAPER  
WHICH READ  
AS  
FOLLOWS.

# **\$200 REWARD**

WILL PAY \$200 FOR INFORMATION  
LEADING TO THE RECOVERY OF  
GREEN PARROT WITH YELLOW AND  
RED MARKINGS WHICH GIVES  
THE CORRECT ANSWER WHEN  
ASKED, "HOW ARE YOU, POLLY?"

PRINT THIS AD PLEASE IN EVERY  
EDITION OF TO-MORROW'S PAPER—  
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!  
I WILL PAY ONE THOUSAND FOR THE  
GREEN PARROT WITH RED AND YELLOW  
MARKINGS WHICH KNOWS THE RIGHT  
ANSWER TO "HOW ARE YOU, POLLY?"  
PRINT MY NAME AND ADDRESS IN  
BOLD-FACE TYPE RIGHT UNDER IT!



CLICK HADN'T LONG TO WAIT—A  
VERY EARLY CALLER IN ANSWER  
TO HIS AD HAPPENED TO BE  
A CERTAIN—

LIEUTENANT JUNIFER IS THE  
NAME, — WHAT'S YOUR  
RACKET, WISE-GUY— AND WHAT'S  
ALL THIS SUDDEN RUSH OF BLOOD  
TO THE HEAD ABOUT PARROTS?  
I'M DETAILED TO FIND OUT IF  
ALL THIS AIN'T A NEW BUILD-UP  
FOR THE OLD 'SHAKE-DOWN'!



H'M— A "BLIND" AD— NO SIGNATURE  
AND NO ADDRESS EXCEPT A BOX  
NUMBER AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE—  
LET-ME-THINK— --- I'LL DO IT!  
I'LL GIVE THEM A LITTLE COMPETITION—  
I'LL RUN AN AD OF MY OWN FOR  
REAL MONEY AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



NOW THAT I'VE STARTED THIS  
GAME OF 'COME OUT, COME OUT  
WHEREVER YOU ARE'— I'LL  
JUST GO HOME AND AWAIT  
RESULTS—!



— ONE GUY OFFERS TWO HUNDRED,  
FOR TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF PARROT  
THAT SHOWS HE WANTS THAT  
PARTICULAR PARROT BAD— SO WHAT  
THE NEXT EDITION YOU JUMP THE ANTE  
FIVE TIMES— FOR THE SAME BIRD—  
WHAT'S THE ANSWER? YOU GET  
THE PARROT— THEN YOU TURN AROUND  
AND HI-JACK HIM!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT  
SOMETHING THERE, COPPER  
BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING  
TOO, A HUNCH!

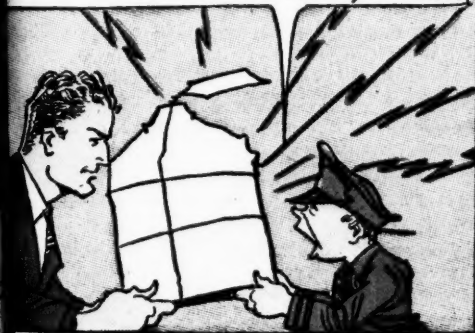


AND WHEN CLICK 'GOT A HUNCH' HE FOLLOWED IT, — HE FOLLOWED THIS ONE WITH A CHAIR — AT THE HEAD OF WHAT HIS HUNCH TOLD HIM WAS A VERY PHONEY PRECINCT SLEUTH, HE WATCHED HIS MAD RETREAT — AND

NOW I KNOW I WAS RIGHT — NO LOCAL COP TRAVELS IN A SWELL FOREIGN CAR LIKE HE'S GETTING INTO. THINGS ARE STARTING TO HAPPEN.



AN OLD GEEZER SENT HIM AN' YOU CAN HAVE HIM IF HE TREATS YOU LIKE HE TREATED ME ON MY WAY UP — YOU ORTER BOIL 'IM, — AT LEAST TWICE, SO LONG!



KNOW WHERE THE HACIENDA HOUSE IS, SON, — GOOD — DRIVE THERE ON THE DOUBLE — QUICK!

YOU'RE PRACTICALLY THERE NOW, BUD — I KNOW A SWELL SHORT-CUT!



ALMOST INSTANTLY CLICK'S DOORBELL RANG AGAIN, — THIS TIME CLICK WAS MORE CAUTIOUS, — HE DEMANDED INFORMATION THROUGH THE DOOR. A SHRILL YOUNG VOICE BOOMED OUT —

WHAT'S EATING YA, MISTER — ? TELEGRAM — I'M HERE WITH A BIRD-CAGE YOU ORDERED!



CLICK WONDERED IF THIS WASN'T ANOTHER 'PLANT' — HE DECIDED TO EXAMINE THE PARROT FOR A POSSIBLE MESSAGE CONTAINER SUCH AS ARE FASTENED TO CARRIER PIGEONS. HE GOT A VERY MEAN BITE FOR HIS TROUBLE.

H'M, THIS TOWEL THEY COVERED YOU WITH MY LITTLE BIRD OF PARADISE TELLS ME SOMETHING, — WE'RE BOTH GOING RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM — THE HACIENDA HOUSE.



TEN MINUTES LATER.

JUST A SECOND, CHAUFFEUR, — WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THIS IS THE SHORT-CUT I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, MR. CHUMP — PIPE DOWN HERE COMES YOUR TOURING HOSTESS NOW!



I'LL TAKE OVER NOW, DAVEY, - DRIVE STRAIGHT TO THE BOAT AND STEP ON IT, - IT SAILS IN TWENTY MINUTES - /

AND WHAT PART AM I SUPPOSED TO PLAY NEXT IN THIS OVER-SCRAMBLED PLOT, FAIR ONE?



YOU MERELY CHAPERONE THE PARROT UNTIL WE GET ABOARD - HERE WE ARE NOW, GET GOING AND, - DON'T ARGUE!



ONE TICKET TO SOUTH AMERICA, - CABIN TWELVE!



THE CHAUFFEUR, DAVEY, - AND, LIDA, THE GIRL GO BELOW TO IMPRISON, CLICK IN HIS CABIN, - AFTER GIVING HIM A THOROUGH WORK-OUT,

YOU SNOOPED AROUND A LOT LOOKING FOR IT, SMART GUY - SO YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT, - YOUR NEXT STOP WILL BE BUENOS AIRES, - ANYWAY WE WANT YOU AND THIS PARROT OUT OF THE COUNTRY TOGETHER, SO I'M GONNA HAND YOU SOMETHING FOR BON VOYAGE!



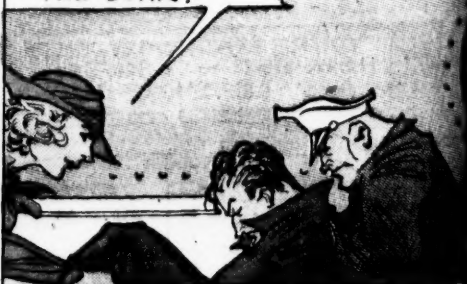
REALIZING THE TOUGH SPOT HE FINDS HIMSELF IN, CLICK, RESORTS TO A LAST DESPERATE RUSE TO DISTRACT HIS ASSAILANTS

HE STAGES A VERY NATURAL - LIKE FAINT

OW-W-W  
MY HEART -  
THE DOCTOR  
S-SAID!!



QUICK, DAVEY! LIFT HIM ONTO THE BUNK!



SWINGING HIS ARMS IN AN AFFECTED SPASM, CLICK, MANAGES TO LIGHTLY SLAP BOTH THE GIRL AND DAVEY A FEW TIMES IN HIS APPARENT DELIRIUM



LIDA!/- HE - HE SMEARED  
SOMETHING ON MY FACE, AND  
IT'S ON YOU TOO -- ALL OVER  
Y-YOUR FACE TOO-O!

OKAY- THAT STUFF WILL  
KEEP YOU WOZZY FOR  
ABOUT AN HOUR! -



LOCKING LIDA IN THE CABIN THAT  
WAS MEANT FOR HIM. CLICK HALF  
CARRIES THE GROGGY DAVEY ASHORE  
-ALONG WITH THE PARROT.

GOOD THE CAR WE LEFT IS STILL  
THERE, - AND LISTEN, MY LIMP FRIEND,  
I'M DRIVING FROM NOW ON?



YOU ONLY 'THINK' YOU'LL  
DRIVE,-- I'M BACK AGAIN --  
LIEUTENANT JUNIFER IN PERSON!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE  
STILL PLAYING POLICEMAN!



HEY, SAM!/- FELIX!/- HE'S STILL  
GOT THE BIRD, - YOU TWO RUSH  
AND GET THE GIRL OFF THAT BOAT -  
WE'VE GOT THIS THING ALL WOUND  
UP NOW, IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE  
SLOW MUSIC!



TRIED TO MAKE IT TABLE-STAKES  
IN A LITTLE GAME OF CHEATING-  
CHEATERS, EH, WISE GUY?

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU - I DON'T  
KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS!



SAME WITH US, - WE DON'T KNOW  
THE ANSWER TO HOW 'YOU' GOT  
MIXED UP IN THIS THING, - WE THOUGHT  
IT WAS JUST A LITTLE AFFAIR BETWEEN  
OURSELVES AND LIDA, DAVEY, AND  
OLD JOE!

WHO IS LIDA?



STILL TRYING TO KID, EH? LIDA AND DAVEY BROUGHT YOU DOWN HERE. WE COVERED YOUR HOUSE, SAW YOU COME OUT WITH THE PARROT AND GET INTO DAVEY'S HACK THEN YOU PICKED UP LIDA AND CAME DOWN TO THE BOAT WE SHAGGED ALONG AND WATCHED — THAT'S HOW WE NABBED YOU!

BUT, - OLD JOE?

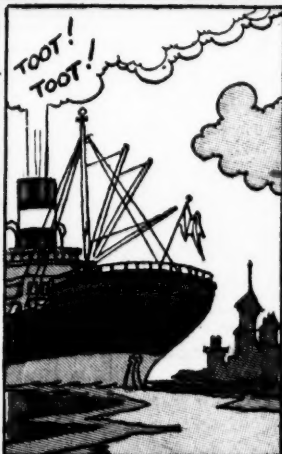


LAY OFF PLAYING INNOCENT, OLD JOE, WAS THE PHONEY MESSENGER BOY THAT BROUGHT THE PARROT TO YOUR APARTMENT, — WE GOT A GANDER AT HIM JUST AS HE WENT IN, — TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



AT THAT POINT THE TRAMP STEAMER GAVE A WHEEZY TOOT, — BACKED OUT OF HER SLIP AND HEADED FOR PARTS UNKNOWN,

SENDING FELIX AND SAM BACK TO THE CAB WITH THEIR JOB A TOTAL FAILURE



WHAT YOU MUTTONHEADS? — YOU DIDN'T GET LIDA? YOU'RE AS DUMB AS THIS EGG, — CLAIMS HE DOESN'T KNOW LIDA, DAVEY, OR OLD JOE — CLAIMS HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS US WHO, ADVERTISED FOR THE PARROT, — GET IN, KEEP HIM COVERED! WE'RE GOIN' PLACES!



THEY DROVE WEST ACROSS THE NEW JERSEY FLATS, ON UP INTO THE HILL COUNTRY AND FINALLY PULLED UNDER A HIDDEN AND DILAPIDATED ARCHWAY WHICH READ—

O-BAR-X  
DUDE RANCH  
[THE WILD WEST OF JERSEY]



BOSS, WHY NOT KNOCK 'IM OFF RIGHT OUT HERE? — EASIER TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE

NIX! — CHAIN 'EM UP INSIDE BETTER PLAY SAFE ON THIS STRANGE GUY, — I'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND CHECK ON HIM!



UNTOLD  
HOURS  
LATER  
AFTER  
LYING  
GAGGED  
AND  
BOUND IN  
SOLITARY  
CONFINEMENT,  
CLICK IS  
AGAIN  
DRAGGED  
IN TO THE  
OPEN  
AND  
TOSSED  
BEFORE  
JUNIFER



WELL SMART GUY, I'VE CHECKED ON YOU,  
-- THE POLICE HAVE GOT YOU TAGGED AS  
'THE GADGET MAN' - THEY DON'T WANT  
ANY PART OF YOUR INVENTIONS OR YOUR  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE WORK OR YOU YOURSELF  
IN PERSON, AND NEITHER DO I -- SO  
GO AHEAD BOYS --- BOP HIM!!

CLICK  
SUDDENLY  
FELT THE  
UNIVERSE  
CRASH DOWN  
UPON HIM---  
ENDLESS  
CENTURIES  
SEEMED TO  
PASS BEFORE  
HE SLOWLY  
RETURNED TO  
CONSCIOUS-  
NESS - ONLY  
TO FIND  
HIMSELF IN  
THE MOST  
ASTOUNDING  
SURROUNDINGS

HE DID IT / THEY ALL STAGGER IN HERE  
DRUNK - I PUT THEM IN BACKROOM - TEN  
MINUTES PASS I HEAR A WINDOW SMASH  
ONE YELLS, 'WATCH OUT- THAT FOOL'S  
GOT A GUN,' THEN QUICK- BANG! BANG!  
BANG! - I RUSH BACK. HE'S GOT  
GUN IN HAND, - HIS FRIEND DEAD  
ON FLOOR-



CLICK SEES  
AT ONCE THAT  
THE EVIDENCE  
HAS ALL BEEN  
STACKED AGAINST  
HIM, JUNIFER  
AND HIS GANG  
HAD DRAGGED HIM  
INTO THE PLACE  
UNCONSCIOUS,  
COMMITTED THE  
CRIME - SET THE  
STAGE, THEN  
ESCAPED IN THE  
EXCITEMENT -  
HE KNEW THAT  
HE WAS ON THE  
SPOT, BUT HIS  
KEEN BRAIN  
SOON RETURNED  
TO NORMAL..

LISTEN IF I CONFESS WILL IT MAKE  
MY SENTENCE ANY LIGHTER? - OUR  
GANG JUST STUCK UP A BANK!  
HERE'S HOW WE WORKED - I WAS  
THE FRONT MAN SEE THIS HANDKERCHIEF?  
IT'S DOUBLED - I SLIP IT OVER MY HEAD  
AND IT BECOMES A PERFECT MASK - I  
WALK UP TO THE BANK TELLER AND I'M  
CARELESSLY STRAIGHTENING MY NECKTIE -  
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ROBBERY?  
I'M COMING TO THAT, THEN I DID THIS!

HERE CLICK SHARPLY RAPPED THE  
EXTRA HEAVY END OF HIS NECKTIE ON  
THE TABLE'S EDGE ---



STITCHED TO THE LINING  
OF THE NECKTIE WAS A  
SMALL SACK CONTAINING  
HUNDREDS OF CAPSULES OF  
A MOST POWERFUL GAS  
CONCENTRATE - THE RAP  
INSTANTLY EXPLODED THEM  
FLOODING THE ROOM IN A  
FLASH WITH THE MOST  
EFFECTIVE TEAR-GAS  
KNOWN TO SCIENCE--

SLIPPING ON HIS HANDKER-CHIEF MASK, CLICK MADE FOR THE VERY WELCOME WINDOW AS THE HARMLESS, BUT STIFLING VAPORS OF HIS SECRET TEAR-GAS INSTANTLY FLOODED THE ENTIRE ROOM.



SO LONG, FOLKS, -- I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU -- BUT RIGHT NOW I HAVE AN IMPORTANT DATE WITH A CERTAIN 'OLD JOE'.

WITHIN THE HOUR CLICK WAS BACK IN THE CITY AND HAD DASHED UP TO OLD JOE'S APARTMENT AT THE HACIENDA HOUSE WHERE WE NOW FIND HIM -- A MOST UNWELCOME GUEST.

'PUT IT DOWN, OLD JOE NEVER 'SHAKE' WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND -- SIT DOWN, I WANT TO TELL YOU THINGS! -- FIRST OF ALL I KNOW THIS MUCH -- THERE'S TWO PARROTS TIED UP IN THIS RAZZLE DAZZLE



NEXT - THE JUNIFER MOB KILLED DAVEY LESS THAN TWO HOURS AGO IN JERSEY, -- AND LIDA IS NOW ON THAT STEAMER BOUND FOR CUBA

WHAT? - LIDA WAS SHANGHAIED THEY KILLED DAVEY? - THAT ONLY MEANS ONE THING THEN -- THEY'VE GOT THE RIGHT PARROT.



LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, OLD JOE WAS IN A SPEEDSTER WITH CLICK AT HIS SIDE, AND THEY WERE STREAKING THROUGH THE NIGHT TO THE CITY'S WATER FRONT.

WHAT'S THE PROGRAM FROM HERE ON, OLD JOE?

HERE'S THE SET-UP - YOU LOOK LIKE A SQUARE-SHOOTER SO I'LL TELL YOU - DAVEY AND LIDA AND ME ARE COUSINS - OUR UNCLE IN EUROPE WAS A REFUGEE - HE HAD A VAST FORTUNE HIDDEN IN CUBA THAT HE KNEW HE COULD NEVER REACH - SO HE WANTED US TO HAVE IT---

HE FEARED TO TELL US IN WRITING WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN SO FOR YEARS HE REHEARSED WITH A PARROT TO DESCRIBE ITS LOCATION IN ANSWER, TO ONLY ONE CERTAIN QUESTION, -- HOW ARE YOU POLLY? HE GAVE THE PARROT TO JUNIFER TO SMUGGLE ACROSS TO US, BUT KEPT THE QUESTION A SECRET -- HE CABLED THE QUESTION TO US THOUGH. LATER JUNIFER KILLED MY UNCLE TRYING TO LEARN THE QUESTION BUT NEVER DID - UNTIL RECENTLY THAT'S WHY WE HID THE PARROT.



CLICK HAD NOTED A CERTAIN PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS THAT HAD TRAILED THEM DOGGEDLY FROM THE VERY START IN SPIKE OF THEIR CRISS-CROSS ROUTE AND TREMENDOUS SPEED - HE TELLS 'OLD JOE'

THEY ARE MET BY A VERY CHARMING (AND MUCH CHANGED, IN CLICK'S CASE) RECEPTIONIST, - LIDA HERSELF, IN PERSON.

I EXPECTED IT - IT WILL BE JUNIFER AND HIS MOB AGAIN - THEY'VE CHECKED MY EVERY MOVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS - BUT HERE'S MY BOAT - LETS SWING ABOARD!

YES, LUCKILY THERE WAS A RADIO ABOARD THAT TRAMP STEAMER I WAS ON - SO I JUST TAXIED BACK BY TUG. I KNEW YOU'D BE DOWN THERE TO-NIGHT! - OUR BIRD IS SAFE ABOARD!

AT THAT MOMENT HEAVY FOOT FALLS ARE HEARD ON THE DECK ABOVE THEN A CLAMBERING DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY AND CLICK FADES INTO THE NIGHT

JUNIFER!!

LIEUTENANT JUNIFER TO YOU TWO - AND I'M TAKING OVER - COMPLETELY. A TRIM LITTLE BRIG YOU'VE GOT HERE, OLD JOE, WE'RE LEAVING FOR CUBA WITH THE TIDE - THROW THEM IN THE BRIG, FELIX!

BUT WAS THE SELF-APPOINTED CAPTAIN JUNIFER SURPRISED AT THE RECEPTION COM MITTEE THAT AWAITED HIM DOWN THE BAY? EIGHT POLICE BOATS - AND HOW DID THEY RECEIVE JUNIFER AND HIS PARROT - PIRATES - WHY, WITH WARM OPEN -- CELLS!

HERE THEY COME NOW!

CLICK RUSH HAD QUIETLY ACTED AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES, AND STAGE MANAGER FOR THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF EVIDENCE AGAINST JUNIFER - AND CONSIDERED THE CASE CLOSED - - WHEN HIS PHONE RANG -

WOULD CLICK ACCEPT? WOULD HE? OH BOY! - - - TEN MINUTES LATER A NOTE ARRIVED CONTAINING THE OTHER HALF OF THE TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL WITH THIS POSTSCRIPT,

THIS IS LIDA SPEAKING - YOU'VE BEEN SO WONDERFUL THROUGHOUT THIS ENTIRE AFFAIR THAT MY COUSIN JOE AND MYSELF WOULD JUST LOVE TO HAVE YOU AS OUR FAVORED GUEST ON A TWO-MONTH CRUISE TO CUBA. WON'T YOU PLEASE ACCEPT?

NICE GOING! MAYBE SOMETHING WILL TURN UP AROUND CUBA - BUFA



DR. KON FU, MASTER OF ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL CULTURE, STANDS BRAVELY BETWEEN HIS PEOPLE AND OPPRESSION-DEFYING EVEN MONSTERS OF EVIL MAGIC.



GOOD PLACE TO START A RACKET, QUONG.

AS YOU SAY, MIGHTY MASTER.



LOOKS LIKE EASY PICKINGS! HEY, YOU YELLOW RAT - GET OUT OF MY WAY!



KON FU DOES NOT SHRINK FROM EVIL ONES. TAKE YOUR HAND FROM MY SHOULDER!

YEAH? WHAT'LL YOU DO TO MAKE ME?

MALGAN, CRIMINAL ADVENTURER, ENTERS THE CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.



I WILL DO - THIS!



AS BY ACCIDENT, A CITIZEN OF CHINATOWN JOSTLES MALGAN.

YOUR HEART IS VICIOUS QUONG - BUT YOUR HAND IS SLOW!

HOW DOES KON FU KNOW MY NAME?



IT IS WRITTEN-MAN WHO THROWS WEAPON IS LEFT WEAPONLESS!

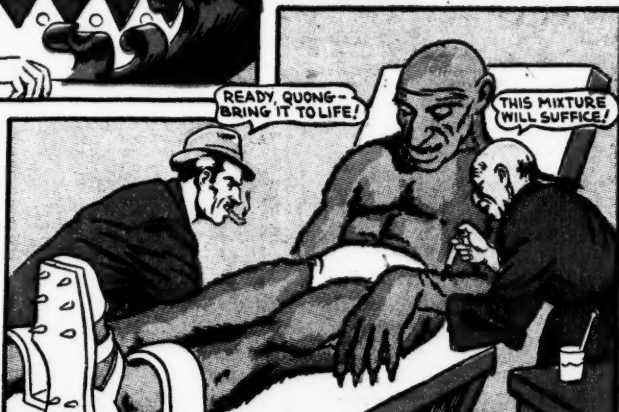


THESE MAGIC GLASSES TOLD ME WHO AND WHAT YOU ARE. LEAVE CHINATOWN - THIS IS NO PLACE FOR EVILDOERS!

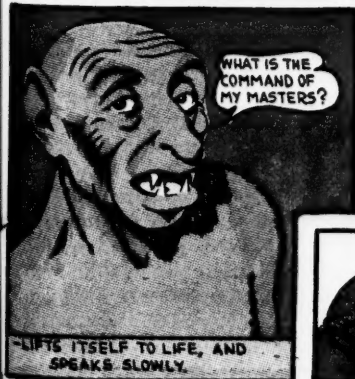


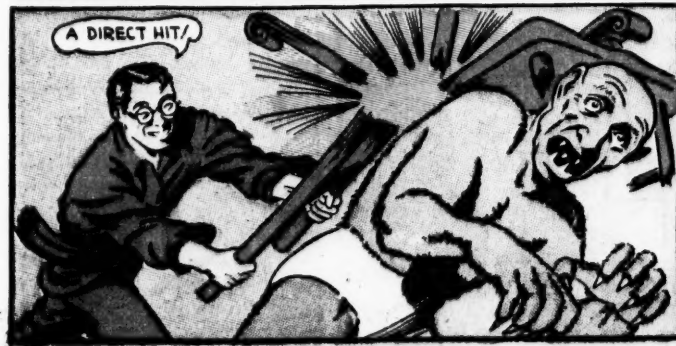
OF KON FU I HAVE HEARD - HE'S WISE AND DANGEROUS!

YEAH? SO AM I - I'LL FIX THIS KON FU PLENTY!



THE STRANGE CREATION, FEELING THE TOUCH OF THE POWERFUL LIFE-DRUG—









OH! /

AT LENGTH, THE MONSTER  
DRIVES A BLOW HOME.



SCIENCE SHALL DEAL  
WITH THIS PROBLEM.



ONE! /

KON FU CALLS INTO PLAY HIS  
WRESTLING SKILL, CLAMPING THE  
MONSTER'S LEG WITH HIS FEET—

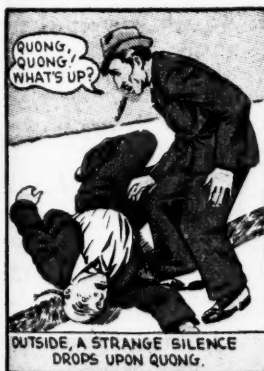


TWO! /

LOSING ITS BALANCE,  
THE MONSTER FALLS.



THREE—AND OUT! /



QUONG,  
QUONG,  
WHAT'S UP?

OUTSIDE, A STRANGE SILENCE  
DROPS UPON QUONG.



USELESS,  
MR. MARGAN,  
QUONG IS DEAD!

BUT HOW?  
HOW?



WHEN HIS MAGIC MONSTER FELL,  
IT JARRED HIS THOUGHTS OUT OF  
EXISTENCE. YOU TOO ARE DOOMED  
—UNLESS YOU CONFESS YOUR SINS  
TO THAT OFFICER!

I'LL CONFESS—  
YES, AT ONCE!



I HAVE BEEN  
VICTORIOUS—  
WITH YOUR HELP,  
HOLY ONE!

GO FORTH,  
CONTINUE  
YOUR FIGHT  
AGAINST EVIL!



WHERE HAVE YE BEEN KEEPIN' YERSELF,  
MARGAN, HUH? COME ON ALONG—THE  
JUDGE WILL BE GLAD TO MEET YE!

AND SO WE END THE  
FIRST ADVENTURE OF  
KON FU!





MEET THE COLONEL IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

● "We might as well pack up and go home!" wheezed Hunchy Roberts, as he barged into Sam Evans' room, in Scott's famous racing hotel in Melbourne.

"Suppose you take us into your confidence," spoke Sam, sliding his six feet two over the bed's counterpane and into a sitting position.

"Yeah!" drawled Stooze Edwards, taking a much-chewed cigar from his mouth. "Maybe we'd be interested."

"Still wisecrackin', eh?" snapped the wizened one. "Well, bust your new teeth on this one. The handicapper at Caulfield just slapped an extra ten pounds on Warlord."

"Why, that puts 138 pounds on him," shouted Sam Evans, swinging himself off the bed. "He can't do that. No horse ever carried that weight in a straightaway."

"Exactly what I told that handicap guy," spluttered Hunchy, his anger almost choking him. "And what did he shoot back?"

"What?" yelled Stooze, for once jerked out of his usual lethargy. "What excuse did he offer?"

"Excuse me eye!" half wailed the undersized one. "He looked me straight in the phiz with them fish glims o' hisn, and laughed right in me snoot. 'Bein' as 'ow your nag is a Yankee 'orse,' says he, 'that hextra ten pounds should only sharpen 'is happetite.'"

"Why, the dirty—" cut in Stooze.

"So we gotta scratch Warlord!" interrupted Hunchy.

"Caulfield Cup is the greatest racing plum of the year," thoughtfully spoke Sam. "They're trying to force Warlord out." He concentrated for a moment. "Boys," he finally said, "we will not scratch our horse. Warlord will run in the Caulfield Cup."

"Truckin' 138 pounds?" screamed Hunchy.

"You gone nuts?" shouted Stooze.

"Just leave the thinking to me—as usual," Sam quietly responded. "Stooze! You get the story to the newspapers. In spite of the unfair weight handicap, we are running Warlord."

They were three Americans, Sam, Stooze and Hunchy. Well known on all racetracks in America and Mexico. Far too well known—that was why they had gone to Australia some six months before. They took their horse with them, a really good one, the popular Warlord.

Slim, the little stable boy, was hurrying from Sam's room, tightly clasping under one arm a little package which appeared to be very heavy for its small size. At the end of the hall he almost collided with the jockey of Warlord, who was on his way to see Sam. The jockey and Sam



were closeted for a good hour. Strange sounds of tap dancing came from the room.

Thirty thousand wildly excited race fans were milling around among the many bookmakers who were shouting out their odds. It was the interval mission before the great Caulfield Cup race. Everybody talked about Warlord, but practically no one bet on him; that is, no one but Sam, who was quietly betting every cent he and his two partners had in the world. The bookies feared the Australian heat had gone to Sam's head. The odds rose to thirty to one. Sam's bets averaged about twenty to one.

Warlord's jockey dragged himself up to the scale, grimacing as though he had a load of iron under his arm instead of a weighted saddle. Roars of laughter greeted his comedy. He got on the scale platform, and with a "Well, I got paid for the ride, anyway!" tap danced a "Rum teedle-tum-tum tum-tum." The weigher adjusted the sliding weight on the scale arm. "Nine stone twelve!" he sang out amid shouts of laughter. A stone equals fourteen pounds.

"They're off!" roared over the track. Every field glass was trained on the running horse. Warlord seemed to be laboring as under a heavy load. At the quarter he was a bad sixth. The thousands of faces in the grandstand and on the flats flashed one message—"I told you so!"

Warlord held his position until the home stretch. Suddenly a groan arose from the crowd. As at a given command every neck craned forward. A moment of dead silence. Then a roaring roar of cheering went up from that noisy race-mad multitude. The impossible was happening—and they were seeing it. Warlord was pulling up on the field—into fifth—fourth—third—yes, right into second place. "Warlord! Warlord!" went up the cry that fairly shook the

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One hundred yards from the finish Warlord and Keenquair, the favorite, were running neck and neck. But Warlord had that little extra in reserve, and he called upon it now. Slowly he inched past the straining, perspiration-shiny Keenquair. The crowd was now absolutely silent. The drama was too tense to allow of cheering. The two horses dashed past the finish line. "Warlord! Warlord!" again rent the air. The impossible had happened. A horse carrying the prohibitive weight of 138 pounds had won the Caulfield Cup. The crowd broke through the barrier, lifted the jockey high over their heads, and in triumph carried him to the scale room.



"We're taking the train to Sydney in the morning," said Sam, when the three had forgathered in his room after the race. "And," he continued, "we leave for the good old U. S. A. the day after that, on the *Sonoma*. And I sold Warlord to Sir Rupert Stark," Sam replied. "And I might add a good price."

A timid knock sounded on the door. "Come in," invited Sam. The little stableboy, Slim, a wide grin on his face, waltzed into the room.

"Here you are, sir!" the boy smiled, returning the small, heavy package to Sam.

"Slim," said Sam, "you did a fine job." Taking several bank notes from his fat roll, he handed them to the little chap. "You'll find the twenty-five, and an extra hundred for luck."

Slim emitted a string of "Thank you, sirs!"

The *Sonoma* had passed Sydney Heads, and was rolling and pitching through the Pacific.

"Now that we're out of the jurisdiction of Australia," Sam said, "and our little money matters

have been adjusted, I will tell you two what you've been dying to hear.

"Caulfield has an old-fashioned platform scale," Sam continued, "with the lever arms extended under the floor. The night before the race I had Slim crawl under the clubhouse and get beneath the scale. Equipped with plenty of food, he remained there. When he heard a 'Rum-teedle-tum-tum-tum-tum' tap dance over his head, during the Cup-race weigh-in, he hung this little watch charm on the scale beam that extended under the floor." Sam unwrapped the package in which was a weight with a hook attached.

"What an artist!" murmured Hunchy.

"When the jockey got off the scale," related Sam, "the beam was released, and Slim simply unhooked the watch charm. After the race, Slim repeated the operation, and so, being minus the extra ten pounds, Warlord won the race."

"But," said Hunchy, still mystified, "two other nags in that race were as good as Warlord, and you slapped our last jitney on him. How come?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," laughed Sam. "Our little watch charm weighs fifteen pounds, so Warlord had five pounds on the field."

THE END.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Doc Savage Comics, published bimonthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Doc Savage Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 587, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-59 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, W. J. deGrouchy, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, none; business managers, none.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,  
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1940. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 84, New York County (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

# Secret of the Valiant

By Tom Cooley

The Gay Lady was crowded this evening. That, Rocky Dalton thought wryly, as he stepped through the swinging doors, was good. No one would be apt to notice him in the mob. But Rocky was wrong. He was the kind that men couldn't help noticing. As he shouldered his way toward the bar, men gave way readily before the hawk-featured stranger with the burning gray eyes; and wary glances noted the worn hickory butts of twin colts which were thonged to his lean thighs.

The buzz of conversation lowered and rumbled nervously through the smoky barroom.

Halfway to the bar, Rocky froze in his tracks, eyes fastened on a face in the far corner of the room. Pale, expressionless eyes, above a stubborn mouth stared steadily back at him.

O Lord—the last person in the world he wanted to see.

Frantically, Rocky backed a few steps and then whirling he ran blindly out into the night.

Things happened fast then. The black-clothed figure of the man with the pale eyes flashed to life with a roar.

"It's Rocky Dalton, boys."

In one bound he was halfway to the door, jerking a gun from under his coat as he ran.

Everyone had heard of Rocky Dalton. The name had spelled terror to the whole Southwest for nearly a decade. Tales of his ruthlessness and daring had spread as far east as the Mississippi, and then even to Washington, where grave-eyed men had finally taken steps to protect their far-flung territories. A United States marshal had been put on the desperado's crimson trail.

Marshal Bat Dillon might have had a questionable beginning, but his record as a gun-slinging lawman was impeccable. It was generally admitted that only one man in the country was deadlier with a six-gun, but tonight that man was running away.

Cries of "Go get 'im, Bat." "He's yella." "Kill the dirty son!" accompanied the lawman as he rushed from the Gay Lady and forked the first horse he came to. His spurs bit deep into the pony's flanks as he headed in the direction taken by the fleeing outlaw.

As his pony's hoofs drummed past the outskirts of town, Rocky's brain was racing like a prairie fire. It had finally happened, the fear which had haunted him throughout his long dare-devil career was realized at last. Hundreds of times he had faced death coolly and recklessly over flaming guns, but this was the end. He could never face Bat Dillon that way.

If he rode hard, he could reach Ghost Canyon before daybreak, lose his pursuer in its twisted crags and draws. It was the only way.

Dawn was tinting the weird chaos of Ghost Canyon as an exhausted horse and rider entered its winding chasm. Desperately, the fugitive sank bloody spurs into his glassy-eyed mount as a harassed backward look showed him that the black-coated lawman was still coming on.

With one last desperate lunge, Rocky's valiant little horse tried to respond to its master's urgings, but sank to the ground with a convulsive shudder. There was no time for regrets. Rocky scrambled clear of his fallen mount and started to climb over boulders and jagged buttes, higher and higher, until at last, torn and bleeding and near collapse, he stood at the top, only to find another deep chasm on the other side. Far below, he saw Bat dismount and start to climb.

Suddenly Rocky drew both battle-scarred Colts from their worn holsters and studied them for a long moment. Then, with a savage curse, he hurled them over the rim of the canyon.

"Damn yuh, you'll never stop him."

Once more he looked down at the toiling, relentless climber, and a faint smile touched his lips. "I always said you'd climb to the top, Bat, even though yuh were only a button the last time I saw yuh." Still smiling, he jumped.

Not long afterward, Bat Dillon pulled himself to the top and look down at the broken body of his quarry, four hundred feet below. Bat's pale eyes were expressionless. He had never known his older brother.

*The End.*



*Who is your favorite*



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